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IN the early part of this week the Japanese army followed up its exploit at Shanhaikwan by the seizure of another important position, the Pass of Chiumenkow. This lies on the Chinese side of the Great Wall, and is the chief trade route into the province of Jehol. The Japanese, who always have admirable reasons for their aggressions, assert that their occupation of the pass is necessary to prevent the entry of Chang Hsueh-liang's forces into Jehol. The Chinese, though they have had to yield this ground, may be capable, as they claim they are, of putting up resistance against a further advance. If they are not, it is hardly fanciful to suppose that the Japanese will go on towards Peking, upon one pretext or another and in their own time. A sufficiently stubborn opposition, such as they encountered last year at Shanghai, might give them pause, and incline them to listen to overtures for peace from the League. But there is little sign of the Great Powers in the League, with or without the United States and Soviet Russia, being ready to propose or to do any thing effective, and to do anything effective becomes more and more difficult as the months slip by and Japan's arrogance grows. A Japanese spokesman said the other day that his country was "not interested in the League." Unless the League shows very quickly that it is interested in Japan, the next chapter of history in the Far East is going to be a black one.

Armament Firms at Work

Mr. Hoover has asked Congress to ratify the International Convention for the suppression of the international trade in arms. Since it is unlikely that the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, to whom his message has been presented, will approve of the suggestion, he asks as an alternative that legislation should be passed conferring authority upon the President "to limit or forbid shipments of arms for military purposes in cases where special undertakings of co-operation can be secured with the principal arms-manufacturing nations." This message at least constitutes a recognition of the absurdity of a situation in which the principal countries gathered together at Geneva, ostensibly to bring peace in the Far East, permit the weapons of war to be exported from their own frontiers to the belligerents. (Will our own authorities still argue that they cannot agree to an embargo on arms because Japan and China are not technically "at war"?) Meanwhile, the shares of armament firms which had been dormant, in some cases for years, have recently shown a marked improvement in Berlin, Paris and London, and proofs of their political activities, which are never dormant, grow every day.

* * *

A petition, sent last week to the League of Nations by the Hungarian League for the Peaceful Revision of the Treaties, declares that the recent excesses of Rumanian students who plundered and destroyed the property of the Hungarian minority in Rumania were inspired by press propaganda. The largest daily paper

in Rumania, *Universul*, which has been foremost in Minority baiting, has recently been bought by the firm of Schneider-Creusot, the French metallurgical trust which is the centre of the Continental armament ring, and which, as a result of its control of the Skoda firm in Czechoslovakia, has a direct interest in fomenting strife in Central Europe. At the same time great alarm has been caused in the opposite camp—that is in Little Entente countries—by the importation of arms from Italy into Hungary. No less sinister is the statement in the German press that the *Journal de Genève* has now also come under the control of Schneiders. M. William Martin, whose name stands for all that is best in journalism, has now left the paper, and international thought has lost one of its sanest organs of expression. With negligible prospects of the League taking any effective action against Japan, and equally small prospects of any real disarmament, it will not be surprising if an increasing number of people of both the middle and working classes begin to turn from Geneva and towards the more militant type of anti-war organisation so enthusiastically acclaimed at last Monday's meeting in the Memorial Hall.

The Spanish Trouble

Catalonian disorders are no new thing, and the present outbreak centring in Barcelona, bloody though it has been, does not seem to have seriously threatened the Spanish Republic. The extremists who engineered the trouble were, as usual, the Anarchist Syndicalists, with some assistance from several sections of Communists. These latter, whilst they may join momentarily in shooting or bombing the bourgeois and the police, are permanently at odds among themselves, on grounds of doctrine or policy. The Spanish Communists have no outstanding personality, as the Russians had, to discipline and lead them, and in present circumstances a successful revolution of " workers and peasants " can only be a dream. Reports that the royalists have been behind this rising should be taken with reserve. There is no evidence, so far as we know, of any organised support from the Right, though it is possible that some aid from individual *ci-devants* abroad has found its way into the revolutionaries' hands in the form either of cash or of arms. But the Republican Government, had they any proofs or even any strong suspicion of collaboration between Reds and Whites, would hardly have kept silence about it.

The French Budget

M. Chéron, the French Finance Minister, is faced with a stiff task in his attempt to balance the Budget. The deficit is something approaching £90,000,000, and this he proposes to meet entirely by new taxation and more economies. His programme seems calculated to cause the greatest unhappiness of the greatest number. There are, according to rumour, to be all round cuts in civil service salaries, and reductions in military and civil pensions. Coffee, petrol and heavy motor vehicles are to be subject to additional taxation; death duties will be raised and a special tax levied on banks. Income-tax allowances and rebates are to be reduced, and a stricter system of collection carried out. Only the railways are to be made happy—with a remission of 500,000,000 francs, it is said. This ruthlessness is raising up enemies for the Government on every side, even in its own bosom. The Socialists, on whom its fate hangs, object in general to M. Chéron's policy (for they aim at stimulating and not restricting consumption) and to some of its items in particular. It is not likely that the Chamber will accept this Budget as it stands. The question is whether it will get through even in a modified form, or whether it means the end of the Paul-Boncour Government. In that event, the same difficulties will confront its successor.

The Persian Case

On January 23rd the Council of the League will commence the hearing of the Anglo-Persian oil dispute and will presumably refer the matter to a committee of experts. It is important for the public to realise, as was indicated in these columns from the outset, that the Persian case, though badly handled by the Shah, is stronger, whether in law or equity, than appears on the surface. In law because it is impossible to expect the Permanent Court to hold that Persia has committed an offence against international law by cancelling the concession on the ground that it is harmful to her own legally sovereign interests. No Power has held to this doctrine of sovereignty more tenaciously than Great Britain. In equity Persia's case is also strong. She may be expected to argue that the acquisition of a controlling interest in the Anglo-Persian Oil Company by the British Government, without the agreement of the Persian Government, vitiated the original concession. Time has shown that the existence within her boundaries of a commercial company controlled by a foreign Government is an intolerable inroad upon national independence, and it will be argued that the spirit of the concession has been broken by the development of the directly competing Iraq oil fields at the expense of the Persian. The sooner this country faces the necessity of negotiating a new concession instead of quarrelling about the repudiation of the old the better for every one.

The Simple Kavirondo

The Kavirondo native may be in many ways a simple fellow, but it argues a certain simplicity on the part of the Government of Kenya if it really hopes to reassure him by a document which begins:

> There appears to be much needless alarm among natives in whose reserves Europeans are looking for and digging for gold, and some think that because of this they are going to lose their land.

Well, how should they think otherwise? If the Bill which Legislative Council has passed and the Governor-General of Kenya approved becomes law—it may still be held up by Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister's veto—what is the use of pretending that the natives will not lose their land? They will be turned off it with some money payment, and a sum of money, even if large, must be a totally inadequate compensation for the breaking up of tribal life. What are the displaced natives to do? Presumably to become landless labourers in the new mines—a state which certain apologists are suggesting will be wholly for their benefit. Indeed, to read Sir Edward Grigg's letter in the *Times* of January 12th one would think the gold mine was being opened for the benefit of the natives. But Sir Edward's arguments will scarcely carry much weight. The British public is very ignorant about native land, but no more likely than the natives themselves to be deceived by statements that the land taken for gold mining is not being " permanently alienated," that it consists of small

"patches" which "will be restored to the tribes within a very few years." Even Sir Philip, who is now reported to be brooding on this question, will scarcely dare to give his assent if this is the best defence that can be advanced.

The "Economy" Madness

The other day we were presented with official figures of a so-called "saving" of £30,000,000 effected by the restriction of municipal activities up and down the country. Now we have another illustration of the lengths to which this crazy obsession can be carried. The Manchester City Council had prepared a Parliamentary Bill embodying a number of proposals for the development of various local services and for the better government of the town. Practically every one of these proposals was defeated on a poll of the electors held on Wednesday. Street improvements, trackless trams, purer milk, new waterworks, sanitary reforms, control of the electricity supply—all these were among the "extravagances" to which the misguided voters said "No." We call them misguided, because the charge of extravagance was, we are assured, a bogy, carefully fostered, as it seems, by vested interests. The general effect of the Bill would have been not only to improve the conditions and the amenities of life in Manchester; it would in the end actually have reduced the rates. But the false god of "Economy" blinds his devotees even to their own interests.

Back to Gold?

The Preparatory Committee for the World Economic Conference has been meeting in Geneva this week. As the session was private it is not possible to be sure how far the published reports of the views put forward by the leading delegates are correct. But Sir F. W. Leith-Ross, who represents Great Britain, has been widely reported as having advocated a return to the gold standard, on certain conditions. As these conditions include not only a prior settlement of the debt question and a rise in the price level, but also a lowering of tariff barriers and an effective guarantee against the maldistribution of gold in the future, the likelihood of an early resumption of gold payments does not appear in any case considerable. Nor would a return to the gold standard by Great Britain necessarily mean a return to the old parity of the pound. A return to gold is fully compatible with any degree of devaluation that may be deemed desirable. In view of the attitude of France and America, the British authorities would probably think it best in any case to open the discussion at Geneva in terms of a possible return to gold. Whatever may be said now or at the full Conference—if it ever meets—the chance of a return to gold seems to be remote, because there is no early prospect of the conditions laid down being even near fulfilment. In these circumstances what Sir Frederick is said to have said need not be taken too seriously.

The Shorter Hours Conference

The International Labour Organisation opened this week a preliminary Conference on the question of an all-round reduction in the hours of labour as a means of combating unemployment. The proposal, of which a good deal has been heard on the Continent, is that working hours should be reduced in all countries to forty a week, in order to absorb displaced labour, and replace sporadic short time by a fully organised system. The proposal has obvious attractions. The great increase in the productive power of industry should clearly make possible a general reduction in the hours of labour. But are wages to be reduced *pari passu* with them? If so, will not demand shrink yet further, throwing more people out of work? But if wages are not to be reduced, no one nation can afford to adopt the remedy unless all its important competitors will do the same. Is there any chance of this? Will Japan, or Poland, or even Germany or Belgium adopt and enforce any general reduction on the lines proposed? Or again, will the United States, which is outside the I.L.O., and has no effective code of labour legislation? A world disunited cannot apply the obvious remedies which a world in unity would accept as a matter of course.

The Banks Do Well

We have heard a great deal during the past year about the serious fall in the earnings of the banks, which have had to employ their deposits unprofitably in the short-term market in face of the falling off in industrial overdrafts. Much has been written of the woes of bankers who could get only one per cent. or less on Treasury Bills, and were still paying two and a half per cent. to some of their provincial depositors, and the public was led to believe that the Big Five, despite their solidity, were having a thoroughly bad time. But now, with their fresh balance sheets in front of us, we see no cause for compassion, much less for alarm. There has been, naturally, some fall in bank profits, but remarkably little in view of the magnitude of the depression and the reduction in current rates of interest. The banks are still doing so nicely that most of them see no cause to reduce their dividends, even after they have made full provision for bad and doubtful debts. We say this not in criticism of them, but in order to emphasise the continued strength of their position, amid the difficulties of banking institutions in most other countries. Incidentally, it leads us to conclude that the real profits of the banks in times of prosperity must have been much larger than those published returns ever revealed.

Mr. Lansbury's Rejoinder

Mr. Lansbury is more famous for having his heart in the right place than for scoring victories of logic, but his reply to the Home Secretary on the Tom Mann case is shrewd, cogent and to the point. He notes the Home Secretary's admission that the decision to make the arrests was a political, not a purely legal, one, and points out the irrelevance of much of the evidence urged against Tom Mann and Llewellyn. To say that Tom Mann and Llewellyn have no ground of complaint because they could have given sureties for good behaviour instead of going to prison is to misunderstand the issue. If this is a justifiable procedure, any unemployed demonstration can be forestalled by the Government demanding sureties (of amounts which it may be impossible to find) for any leaders who may, without any evidence against them, be supposed to be likely in certain hypothetical circumstances to have some responsibility for rioting which may possibly occur. The fact is that the Government, unable to deal with unemployment in any other way, has set its feet upon a very dangerous path of repression.

THE DOG FIGHT

THE Royal Commission on Lotteries has had no difficulty in making up its mind on the great moral, economic, social and psychological problem of the totalisator. The report of its twelve members is unanimous in condemning the dog-track tote and its many-headed progeny, the tote club. The former is denounced as "a grave danger," the latter as "a grave social menace," and these judgments are in turn denounced as an "outrage" by the greyhound racing champions and warmly applauded by the opposition. No motlier band of brothers has been seen for many a long day than that opposition. It includes the working-men's clubs, the cinema proprietors, the bookmakers, the publicans, the Lord's Day Observance Society, and perhaps—though we are not quite so certain of this—the Jockey Club. If all these elements were absolutely united in their aim, and if the arguments of the Royal Commission were above question, the Government's task would be short and simple. But, in fact, there are two divergent issues, and the Commission is only convincing, and will only get general support, on one-half of its case.

The tote club can, in principle, be defended on libertarian grounds; in practice, it seems to be not only a silly, but an unhealthy development. There are round about 300 of these clubs, the great majority of them started in the last few months. They "cater for different classes of the community," and their membership fees range from 5s. a year to 1d. a year. Many of them sell drink (hence the publican's tears); some provide social amenities (hence the indignation of other old-established clubs and of the cinema houses). All of them, of course, have as their primary object facilities for telephone betting. The chairman of Pool (Tote) Clubs, Ltd., justified this before the Royal Commission on the ground that it did not mean a substantial increase in the amount of betting, but only a redistribution of the bets; it would, in fact, purge the streets of street-bookmakers. About all that we share the Commission's doubts, and we agree that serious consequences are to be apprehended from the encouragement of the betting habit on a big scale. There is, indeed, evidence that the social consequences among a large section of the poor are already serious enough, and the case is strong for not extending the evil.

But reformers must walk warily. What is called the "gambling instinct" is as old as Adam, and too widespread and deep-rooted to be eradicated by an Act of Parliament or a thousand Acts of Parliament. Nor, for that matter, are we convinced that it ought to be eradicated; to "back your fancy" may be childish or a "mug's game," but it is hardly a step on the path to Hell. It may be a harmless, and in certain circumstances even a reasonable, form of amusement, as Mr. Keynes argued in his evidence before the Royal Commission some weeks ago. But carried to excess, as he admitted, the harmless stimulant becomes a dangerous drug, and it does appear necessary, therefore, that the community should be vigilant in the matter. That means, as the report of the Royal Commission puts it, that the State should "prohibit or place restrictions upon such facilities for betting and gambling, and such facilities only, as can be shown to have serious social consequences if not checked." How this principle will be applied by the Commission to the problem in general, including lotteries and sweepstakes, remains to be seen. For the tote clubs, with which we are concerned at the moment, it means prohibition, and we see no valid reason to regret that. It may be asked, of course, why we should deny opportunities to the poor which are not denied to the rich. But the objection is specious; even on the assumption that the tote clubs are the special preserve of the poor man, their suppression will still leave him with ample scope for exercising his gambling instinct.

But the tote club is one thing, the totalisator on the track is another, and it is noteworthy that Mr. Garland Wells, of the Greyhound Racing Control Board, protests against the two being put in the same category. We are not much impressed by some of the arguments used by him or his friends for the defence, such as that the abolition of the tote on dog-tracks will result in a loss to the State of £250,000 in income tax, in the scrapping of machinery to the value of £750,000 and in the unemployment of 8,000 people. On the other hand, we can find no adequate answer to the question why the tote should be legal on a horse racecourse and illegal on a dog racecourse. The Royal Commission's answer is twofold. First, it is said, the tote was only permitted on horse racecourses subject to its profits being used to improve the breed of horses or the sport of horse-racing. But is this true? Apart from the fact that it has contributed little or nothing to those laudable objects, we are assured that the tote was really introduced as a protection against the bookmaking fraternity. And it may very well be that it does provide a fairer form of betting. No doubt, as the report asserts, horse-racing is an old-established national institution, and horse-breeding is a national industry of some importance. But how do those two facts afford a justification for suppressing the new institution of dog-racing? Backing greyhounds at Leeds may be a less respectable amusement than backing horses at Ascot. But it is surely not more immoral.

Nor is the second answer much better. There are more dog racecourses, we are told; their number is increasing without any control; they offer greater facilities for the spread of betting; and the tote is a source of commercial profit to the promoters of the tracks. But if there are more people who want to attend dog races, why should there not be more courses? And if it is the absence of control which is the mischief, why not recommend control—why not set up a statutory board, as the National Greyhound Racing Society themselves advocate? And, finally, if the members of the Royal Commission are such ardent Socialists that their gorge rises at the sight of private persons or commercial bodies exploiting the public for profit, why do they not propose State or municipal ownership and operation of the tracks? After all, there are precedents. Leaving aside the State lotteries of other nations, we have in this country, at Doncaster, a municipally owned racecourse, and we have (what is an analogous solution of a not dissimilar problem) a State monopoly of the liquor trade at Carlisle.

We do not, then, accept the Commission's arguments for making one law for the horse and another for the dog, and we shall be surprised if public opinion generally supports such a scheme. There are only two practicable and reasonable ways of settling the matter. One, which will seem reasonable to few besides the bookmakers (and

possibly the Anti-Gambling League), is to abolish the tote on every racecourse. The other is to legalise it for dog as well as horse races, and to establish a supervisory board for betting on the greyhound tracks. That, as we believe, is the right way. The Commissioners find that this betting on the dog tracks leads to serious social consequences. But they do not explain, what surely needs explanation, why it should do so if it were properly regulated. And their postscript objection to the statutory board quite mystifies us. It is that " if such a board were to be granted for betting on greyhound tracks, it is difficult to see on what grounds it could be refused to any other type of contest which lent itself to betting and in connection with which it was desired to establish totalisators." What is this bogy? A tote in Kensington Gardens for the model boats on the Round Pond? Or totes for the egg and spoon races at Sunday School treats? Let us stick to the matter in hand, and settle the dog fight.

THE IRISH ELECTION

THE election which Mr. De Valera has abruptly challenged will decide, probably by a narrow majority, whether he shall possess the constitutional right to govern a deeply divided Ireland. More than this it cannot settle. Time was, in the distant pre-war epoch, when Catholic Ireland cast a virtually unanimous vote for the old Nationalist Party. She did it again when Sinn Fein rallied the whole nation at the end of the war. Those days are over, and will never come again. On the surface it may seem that temperament and memory are the agents that have dug a cleft across this country since the Treaty created the Free State. On one side of it are the romantics who dream of an independent Republic; on the other, the realists who are content with the substance of Dominion status. On the Left are the memories which include, if they advance at all beyond the broken Treaty of Limerick, nothing more recent than the exploits of the Black-and-Tans. For the other side the world began anew with the creation of the Free State; the present stretches comfortably and continuously into a tolerable and habitable future.

This division made the Civil War; it persisted through the ten years of Mr. Cosgrave's administration; it crystallised at the last general election, and since it seems to answer to some permanent and natural cleavage in Irish Society, one supposes that Proportional Representation will stabilise it for years or decades to come. Fianna Fail (Mr. De Valera's Party) will go on brandishing its wild tail, the Irish Republican Army; it will keep its critical allies of the Labour Party. Cumann-na-nGaedheal (Mr. Cosgrave's Party) will contrive, more or less, to work with the Farmers, the Independents, the Dillonites and Right Wing Labour. With ups and downs of no great importance, the cleavage is always of about half against half, and this one supposes, varied a little, it may be, to Mr. De Valera's advantage, will re-appear ten days hence.

This first tentative description may reflect the facts, but it would be naive to accept it as a sufficient explanation. Temperament is never to this extent a nation's master. As for memory, most of us contrive to recollect what it suits our interests to recall; there is no reason to suppose that Irishmen lack the capacity to forget. There can be no sanity without it. There are other aspects of this cleavage rather less obvious perhaps, but possibly more important. One can discern traces of a class line. The Opposition includes the upper strata of the middle class, the majority in the professions, the little world of the Universities, the intellectuals of Dublin, the bigger farmers and the merchants of the country towns. It is significant that on the whole Mr. De Valera can count on the I.R.A., which uses Socialist formulae in its proclamations, and on the Labour Party. The main body of his support seems to come from the smaller peasants, and the younger sons of farmers and crofters. This younger generation, girls as well as boys, swells year by year in numbers, since the traditional outlet of emigration was denied to it. It looks around it, hopeless and resourceless, but begins to listen attentively when there is talk of creating new industries on Irish soil.

This restless element does not think as an urban proletariat would. It has no instinct of class solidarity. It has barely heard of Socialism. It crosses itself at the mention of Russia. It is loyal to the Church. None the less it is deeply indebted, and the fall of agricultural prices has driven down into its ranks small farmers who used to carry their burdens with ease. It will not yet make any daring generalisations about debt—that may come later. But taught to believe that all Ireland's misfortunes come from England, it has no scruples of conscience about the Land Annuities. It knows by dire experience that they have become intolerably burdensome since prices fell, and it readily believes the five distinguished lawyers who have argued, in an ably reasoned opinion, that on a strict construction of the letter of the law Ireland is under no obligation to pay them.

Here are all the emotional elements which in a proletariat trained to a Socialist outlook would make for revolutionary action. This younger generation feels itself penned in. It has no hope of any good to be got by moving in the old ruts. It has a familiar enemy whom no one around it, not even the Opposition, can wholeheartedly defend. It has broken with the past, thrown off a debt, done a thing boldly which it had long wished sheepishly and subconsciously to do. It feels the elation and liberation of a sudden explosive act. All this is as far as possible from the state of mind that Marxist thinking in a capitalist environment would generate. It is nationalist in inspiration and perfectly consistent with unshaken Catholic orthodoxy. None the less it has a social background. The first step has been taken in questioning the rights of property. These debtors must soon realise that the opposition ranged against them is composed of creditors and employers.

The more theoretical minds in Mr. De Valera's party have rationalised the dispute with England in a rather ingenious way. Its immediate significance is so simple that, thanks to the clumsiness of Mr. Thomas, every " corner-boy " has grasped it. So long as Ireland depends exclusively on the British market she is only nominally free. If she chooses to be subservient she may, indeed, hope for the rewards of Ottawa. But if she stands up for her bare lawful rights (and that is how Mr. De Valera envisages his own conduct), then she must expect the economic bludgeon to descend on her innocent and defenceless back. In short, it is a dangerous thing to specialise in the rearing of bacon and beef for an Imperial ogre. It is safer to keep out of his reach. The penalty may, it is true, be relative poverty, but at least one may hope to call one's soul one's own.

That is the starting point of the argument which leads to the conclusion that Ireland must aim at economic self-sufficiency. It is not a new idea; it was, indeed, the core of the early Sinn Fein doctrine. As a long-range aim, to be realised slowly and with prudence, even Mr. Cosgrave would hardly disown it—certainly not in a public speech. The originality of the theorists of Cumann-na-nGaedheal lay in discovering that precisely at this moment it is urgently necessary to realise this ideal promptly and at whatever cost. They look out upon the world and perceive that the whole complicated structure of capitalist international finance and trade is breaking down. Involved most deeply in the coming catastrophe is England. That market, they argue, was vanishing before the dispute began. Three million unemployed can consume but a limited quantity of Irish butter. The causes that have impoverished the Irish farmer are precisely those which are ruining English farmers with this same dwindling market at their doors. And this, say these resolute pessimists, is only the beginning. They refuse to believe in the restoration of world trade or the recovery of prices. An epoch is nearing its end. Clearly, if this be so, Ireland must

take care of her own destiny. Luckily for herself, she never entered the industrial system. She can feed and clothe herself with ease. All she need do is to plough up the grazing lands of Meath, and sow them with wheat. Behind the new tariff many little industries are rising already. Shannon power makes coal a superfluity. Machinery, to be sure, must be bought from abroad, but that can be managed, even if one must dump one's produce at a loss to pay for it. It is a case which a clever talker can render plausible. Nor is it a mere Irish eccentricity. *Mutatis mutandis* the German Nazis talk in exactly the same way, and just as their Third Reich is to realise "National Socialism," so will the Irish Republic evolve "Christian Communism"—a title which still awaits the thesis. Debt made both these movements.

This tendency, with a leader who is what Hitler is not, a man of character and action, will shape history before it is exhausted or transformed. A decisive defeat at the polls would check it, and might destroy it, but nothing persuades us to rely on that event. Mr. De Valera has what rigid logicians commonly lack, an instinct for tactics. It is wholly untrue to say of him that he cannot compromise. He does it, when it suits his interests, if not with grace, at least with casuistic ease. But above all, he may thank his stars that he had the luck to meet an antagonist so clumsy as Mr. Thomas. The oath was the worst ground to choose for a stand, for no Irishman likes it: yet he was rigid on the oath. By closing the English market, he lent force to the most telling of Mr. De Valera's arguments; he illustrated the contention that the present relationship is always one of latent coercion. Finally, by rejecting the reasonable contention that in a financial dispute between two governments the judge should be the subject of neither, he made it difficult for any Irishman to take a high international line against Mr. De Valera. Nationalism was at grips with Imperialism. The way of escape lay through the League of Nations. But that is not a path to which our National Government instinctively turns.

A LONDON DIARY

I SEE that Stalin has made a speech before the Joint Conference of the Central Committee and Central Control Committee of the Communist Party, but it appears to have been a repetition of the old witch hunting after kulaks and *saboteurs* rather than the important pronouncement about policy everyone in Moscow is waiting for. Perhaps that is to come when the Central Executive meets on January 20th. One of the closest and most experienced observers of events in Russia, who has just arrived in this country, has given me a full account of what is anticipated from this speech in political circles in Moscow. Stalin's rare speeches have always been important events: his "dizziness with success" speech ended the worst excesses of forced collectivisation, and his speech of June, 1931, made way for that larger measure of private gain and inequality of income now so obvious in Russia. A new pronouncement was expected of him in the October session of the Communist Central Committee and again in November at the anniversary of the Moscow Soviet. His delay has created the impression that he has failed to formulate, or not dared to put into operation, a remedy for the present *impasse*. But he must say something immediately if the peasant, who is now "sabotaging" production, is to sow with any kind of goodwill next March. The village ever since the Revolution, and especially since the beginning of the Five Year Plan, has been bled to feed the town, and in the last two years the State requisitions of grain have in many districts not left the peasant enough to eat. The procurements of the present harvest, which end on January 15th, are likely to prove very disappointing, because the peasants have not sown intensively and are hiding their crops in pits. Allowing them to sell their surplus at open market prices has not helped much because they have little surplus to sell. My friend informs me that there is general expectation that the whole rationing and requisition system will be abandoned and that free trading between the collective farms and the towns will be permitted. This, after all, is to carry out Lenin's dream of a socialised town exchanging with a socialised countryside. But the snag—apart from the inflation which must follow the total abolition of the rationing system—is that the towns must be ready to offer the ordinary necessaries of life which the peasants urgently need, if they are to be induced to sow intensively for the next harvest.

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Now where are all the things the peasant wants—the coats, shirts and stockings, the pots and pans and the hundred oddments of daily use—to come from? The supply has, of course, increased: some of the factories are producing consumption goods, and all that are available have been sent into the country districts—to the impoverishment of Leningrad and Moscow. The second Five Year Plan also promises a greater extension of light industry for ordinary consumption goods. But clearly this is quite inadequate in view of the desperate need to convince the peasant during the next few months that it is worth while to increase production. The Soviet Government ought immediately to import, say, twenty million pounds' worth of useful articles from capitalist countries. And, since they will not have time to arrange credits for them, they ought to pay out of their gold reserve or at least deposit a sum of gold abroad as a guarantee of payment. Their gold reserve is said to be about sixty million pounds, and quite a small proportion of this would solve the problem. If they are unwilling to use some of it at this critical moment, I can only conclude that they, too, suffer from that irrational love of gold which afflicts more orthodox countries.

* * *

I first heard the phrase "the Economics of Glut" used in private conversation by a member of the present National Government. He was complaining that in times of overproduction none of the theories worked: the higher the tariffs the lower the prices! Shortly afterwards, on December 26th, 1931, the phrase was used as the title of a leading article in this journal, in which it was argued that many of our economists were making fools of themselves by continuing to base irrelevant theories on the assumption of scarcity, when they might be getting on with the pleasant job of thinking out how to distribute the world's new plenty. Ideas do penetrate in time; the *Times* has now, more than a year later, discovered the same point and published a first leading article discussing "technocracy" under the same heading. Technocracy, as an analysis, is a statement by experts of the new immense possibilities of wealth and the necessity created by the new machinery, of having fewer men employed for fewer hours. Its constructive scheme appears from the summarised versions I have seen here to be similar to Major Douglas's much-debated proposals, and recalls the remark in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION article that, unless the economists get on with their job, "inadequately trained men will do it for them."

* * *

Talking of new phrases from America, a psychologist of my acquaintance tells me that when recently in the States a patient arrived who explained that he wanted "to be reintegrated from a psycho-biological point of view." I suppose he meant that he had been jilted.

* * *

The oddest statement I have seen this week is made by a correspondent in the *Publisher and Bookseller*:

> . . . the book-buying population of this country is approximately 450,000 out of a total of 65,000,000. These figures are got by adding the E. M. Dell public, about 300,000, to the A. A. Milne public, say 150,000—a reasonable method of computing.

* * *

Ealing Town Council has approved in principle a scheme for a health centre at which married women may obtain information about birth control. As usual, some of the Roman clergy and some Church of England clergy (who should have learnt better by now, if only from their own

Bishops) are up in arms against a proposal to allow poor women to have access to information (if they want it—no one is pushing it on to them) which their well-to-do parishioners have long profited by. But the following superb pronouncement comes from the Ealing Branch of the Westminster Catholic Federation :

> Should this resolution of the Council be carried into effect, it will mean the elimination of those traditions and the surrender of the "Queen of the Suburbs" to the insidious propaganda of those who would destroy our religion and our civilisation.

* * *

> Six of the world's greatest stories retold by the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, C.H., M.P.: "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Moonstone," "The Count of Monte Cristo," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "Ben-Hur."—Advert. of Sunday paper.

* * *

> "Eye appeal is the modern sales magnet for clothes and every type of manufacture and price," said the President of the British Fashions and Fabrics Bureau to-day.—Evening paper.

* * *

> All this flapdoodle talk and expenditure on peace is only leading to Armageddon. A strong England with a mighty Navy is the only thing to save civilisation, *and any foreigner will confirm this view.* —In the *British Lion*, from W. E. R. Martin, Paymaster Rear-Admiral (British Fascist).

* * *

> I suggest that our present expenditure on war preparation should be doubled and that all social "reforms" should be abolished. These latter insure us against nothing. They do not abolish poverty, but simply alleviate its effects by using money torn from its rightful owners by methods unparalleled in any age for ruthlessness and heedlessness.—A correspondent in the *Daily Telegraph*.

CRITIC

AS OTHERS SEE US

BURNS's wish that we could see ourselves as others see us has often been quoted for its wisdom. It seems to me, however, to be comparatively pointless so long as "others" remain a mere rabble of conflicting opinions, and while most of them are as superficial in judgment as ourselves. Blake declared justly that a fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees, and even the intelligent see their fellow human beings with different eyes. Compare the Dr. Johnson whom Boswell saw with the Dr. Johnson whom Horace Walpole saw. I doubt if it would have done Dr. Johnson the slightest good to know what Horace Walpole thought of him. It would merely have driven him in self-defence into a mood of self-esteem that was unusual with him when he saw himself in the mirror of his own criticism.

Whatever others think of us, indeed, we feel that we know better. We may not know much about ourselves, but we know enough to be able to contradict both those who censure and those who praise us. Our knowledge, it is true, is diluted with self-deception, so that we can assimilate more praise than we know is our due, and can at least find excuses for the faults that are attributed to us. But we know in the depths of our being that others know us so fragmentarily that their opinion of us has scarcely more importance than gossip, and we realise in our saner moments that indifference to the opinion of others is the first step towards wisdom.

I cannot pretend to have the wise man's indifference to the opinion of others. I may discount the praise of a flatterer, but it does not bore me. I may resent the sneer of a hostile critic, but, since it refers to myself, I extract from it a perverted kind of pleasure. During the past week, I have had two letters expressing diametrically opposite opinions of myself, and I cannot be sure which of them I found the more interesting.

The first of them began with some critical remarks on the English people among whom I have lived so long. "I have had you English people," said the writer "under careful observation during these disastrous years, and I have found you wanting. Your Christianity is spurious; and you are disliked all over the world. As a boy, I secretly despised you. I sensed the hypocrisy at a very early age; consequently I made very few friends." (Unhappy boy, to have sensed the hypocrisy of his fellow-mortals so young! Sensing hypocrisy and friendship are almost incompatible in childhood.) "Therefore," continued my correspondent, "I hold a quiet little grudge against this God of yours. He made an Englishman of me."

All this struck me not only as being less subtle as a delineation of national characteristics than the work of such an observer as M. André Siegfried, but as being a little aimless. The closing sentences of the letter, however, showed what it was really about. "I cannot hope," declared the writer, "to adequately break a lance with you, but should a wish of mine ever be granted, I would wish for the pen of a Swift that I may stripe you. In conclusion, you are the most odious little vermin that God ever allowed to disfigure the landscape."

My correspondent may be reassured. Swift himself could not have said more in the space. At the same time, I may frankly say that I cannot accept the portrait of myself as accurate. "Little"—if it refers to physical, and not to mental, stature—is wrong. Then "the most odious" is an exaggeration. I know two men and one woman who are more odious. As for "vermin," I pass that. David the Psalmist, describes himself as a worm, and what was good enough for David is good enough for me. Besides, I like vermin, or, at least, what the gamekeepers call vermin. Was not the bird of Athene vermin? Is not Mr. Yeats's poem about the little red fox a poem about vermin? What could be more delightful than the vermin in Kenneth Grahame's *Wind in the Willows?* On the other hand, I find in *The Concise Oxford Dictionary*, another definition of "vermin," which may have been in the mind of my correspondent — "(fig.) vile persons, as 'the vermin that infest race-courses.'" Can my correspondent be the bookmaker from whom I won so much money at Bath? Strange that a member of so generous a profession should bear a grudge so long and indict a whole nation on the strength of it!

Scarcely had I read this (it must be admitted) by no means flattering letter when another letter arrived which portrayed me in such different colours that to read it was like being turned instantaneously from the Devil into an archangel. I will not quote any of its extremely roseate sentences, but the general drift of them was that, if everybody were like me, we should have a different world, and, what is more, a better world, and, what is more still, an almost perfect world. I agree with all this up to a point. That it would be a different world I am certain. If everybody were like me, for example, there would be no Cabinet and no House of Commons, because nobody would consent to be a Cabinet Minister or a Member of Parliament. If everybody were like me, there would be no more new inventions because nobody would know even how to put together a crystal set. If everybody were like me, the City would be bankrupt because nobody would know how to keep accounts. If everybody were like me, the sports grounds would be crammed with spectators, but there would be no players. If everybody were like me, nicotine poisoning would become an epidemic. If everybody were like me, everybody would have breakfast in bed, but there would be no one to bring it because everybody else would be in bed too. If everybody were like me, in short, civilisation would collapse within a few weeks.

The fact that a flattering portrait is untrue, however, does not prevent it from giving us pleasure. The ordinary man lives his life in the hope that other people do not see him as he really is, and he is seldom happier than when somebody is praising him for being better than he really is. Even when he cannot quite deceive himself, he instinctively hopes that he is deceiving others. The mean man will often make a public gesture of charity so that we may not know him in his meanness. The bad-tempered man vents his ill-temper in the home, and would be ashamed if it were known abroad. The good opinions of others are too valuable for us to forfeit by letting them see us as we really are. Unless we are philosophers indeed, the opinions of other people are more important to us than our

own. To be a myth of some kind, delightful or dreadful—that is our ambition. That explains why many people are so much more concerned about their reputations than about their characters. The ordinary man, I am sure, would rather bequeath a falsely flattering reputation to those who survive him than an exact knowledge of himself. Otherwise, we should not have made such a song about Montaigne and Rousseau's candour of confession, and should not have accounted Cromwell unique for demanding to be painted with his warts. Few people are quite content with their photographs, not because the photographs do not flatter them, but because they do not flatter them enough. Human beings have discovered that to be good-looking in a photograph or in a portrait is a tolerably satisfying substitute for being good-looking.

Hence, when others praise us for being better, braver, or more beautiful than we are, we mildly deprecate their extravagance, but at the same time hope in our hearts that Heaven will not remove their blindness. It is pleasant to be mistaken for a better man than oneself, even if this is due merely to a mistake of identity. There are few stories that I like better about myself than a story that was really not about me at all. A friend of mine met me one day and said: "I met Captain So-and-so yesterday and he was talking about you. He was telling me about the days of the Suffragettes, when you and he used to interrupt Cabinet Ministers' meetings, and particularly about one meeting in the East End, when you were both thrown out. He says he never saw a man put up such a fight as you did. Fought like a tiger all down the stairs, clutching at the banisters. Took six men to put you out, he says, fighting all the way." Now, you who are naturally valiant might not care to be made the hero of so undignified an incident, but I, who would walk quietly out of any meeting if requested to do so by a Boy Scout, rather enjoyed seeing myself as a tiger whom it took six men to fling into the street. So strong is the power of make-believe that I could almost see myself in the part, giving one of the six stewards a horribly black eye. I hope Captain So-and-so will go on telling the story and that other people, if not I, will believe it. We are ourselves responsible for our characters, but it is other people who make our reputations. May their sense of fact not be their strong point!

Y. Y.

DROSOPHILOLOGY

THE frog, the dog, and the banana fly have within recent years possibly taught us more about ourselves than all the sages of all the ages. If groups of biologists were in the habit of erecting animal symbols to represent them in the same way as certain primitive peoples set up totems, these three members of the animal kingdom might be devoted respectively to the physiologists, the psychologists, and the geneticists. The frog has yielded to experimental inquiry the bulk of our knowledge of the physics of nerve and muscle. The dog, through the experimental observations of Pavlov and his school, has laid the foundations of a method of psychological inquiry free from the objections to which every other method is open. What exact information we have concerning the manner in which characteristics of one generation are passed on by inheritance to the next is due overwhelmingly to the study of the banana fly.

The banana fly or fruit fly, *Drosophila melanogaster*, is a little grey-bodied, red-eyed insect about a quarter the size of the common house fly. It infests decaying fruit and seems to be particularly partial to over-ripe bananas. If Drosophila had been known to the encyclopedic and single-minded author of *The Child's Guide to Knowledge*, that Victorian worthy might have explained to his young readers that a wise Providence had created the banana fly for the special purpose of supplying suitable material for scientific breeding experiments. It has, in fact, all the characteristics desirable for this purpose combined with hardly any disadvantages.

Nearly twenty years ago Thomas Hunt Morgan* started breeding this little animal. Since then he and the enthusiastic school of workers that he gathered around him at Columbia University have observed in Drosophila some twenty-five generations a year; as many, in fact, as all the generations of the human race since the beginning of the Christian era. The drosophilologists were not handicapped, as they would be in observing human beings, by the smallness of the family, in the statistical inferences concerning the differences between parents and offspring that they could draw from their data. Drosophila, like most insects, goes in for large families. It is a convenient creature for laboratory purposes and can be easily kept alive in glass vessels. It is cheaply and simply maintained. A bunch of bananas will feed a million for weeks. In some organisms, otherwise suitable for experimental breeding, mutant forms or sports are rare, but in Drosophila they occur with convenient frequency. What is even more important to the experimentalist, the mutations in Drosophila are associated with clear-cut characteristics. Over five hundred of them are known. They have arisen in nearly every case from pedigreed cultures of the wild type. One mutation takes the form of white eyes in place of the characteristic red eyes of the wild type, another substitutes a black body for the usual grey body, a third vestigial wings for the ordinary long wings, and so on. The differences which distinguish breeds of dogs or horses, varieties of plants or different races of men are comparable to such mutations or groups of mutations in the fruit fly.

In a pure uniform stock that has bred true in all its observable characters for a great many generations there may arise without any assignable reason an individual with vestigial wings. If such a fly is crossed to a normal fly with long wings the offspring all have long wings; that is to say, they are to all appearance normal insects. If these insects are bred together their offspring will be long-winged and vestigial-winged in the proportion of three to one. The one-third with vestigial wings continue to breed vestigial-winged insects as long as they are inbred. If one of them is crossed to a normal fly again the offspring are normal in appearance but will yield offspring, when inbred, in the characteristic proportions of three normal to one vestigial. In human beings this does not happen, first because we have no genetically pure stocks of human beings, and secondly because we do not practise brother-sister mating. Nevertheless, the mechanism is present in human beings as well as in flies and tobacco plants. An albino mated to a normal person could expect all his offspring to be normal in appearance. But if one of the offspring mated with a normal person whose parentage was similar to his own (that is, one parent being albino) the chances of his children being albinos would be the same as those from a union with one of his own sisters. There would be one chance for and three against his children being albinos.

These are simple examples of the working of Mendel's law. There is sufficient experimental evidence to lead us to conclude that it is applicable, with certain modifications, to hereditary characters in all organisms, animal and plant, which reproduce bi-parentally. Mendel had not the knowledge of the cytology of the germ cells that is available at the present day. He postulated factors of inheritance segregating in a particular way to account for the phenomena which he had observed. By the time his work was rediscovered thirty-three years after its first publication a great deal of evidence had accumulated concerning what takes place in the cell nucleus, both at the time of the maturation of the germ cells and at the time of fusion of the two nuclei in the egg following fertilisation. The view became gradually accepted that the material basis of the hereditary characters lies in the rod-like bodies called chromosomes in the nucleus of every cell. They were observed microscopically to behave in a way which is entirely consonant with Mendel's theory.

* *The Scientific Basis of Evolution.* By Thomas Hunt Morgan. Faber and Faber. 15s.

From the Drosophila studies of Morgan and his school, Bridges, Sturtevant, Muller, and others, we now have such a curious detailed knowledge of the workings of the mechanism of heredity that it might almost be said, in the language of the evening papers, that the mystery of the chromosome has been solved. Man has forty-eight of these bodies in each of his cells, Drosophila has eight, four pairs of characteristic shape and size. The five hundred or so mutant characters that have been studied in this animal each corresponds to an invisible something, comparable to an atom, situated on one of the four pairs of bodies. The " genes " as these atoms are called, fall into four linkage groups corresponding to the four pairs of chromosomes. Morgan and others have supplied evidence of the existence of the gene as a material object, though it is not amenable to microscopic observation. Morgan was able to infer, and subsequently to verify, the fact that the genes lie in linear order along the chromosomes like beads on a string. On the first chromosome of Drosophila are the genes named yellow, scute, hairy wing, lethal, and so on, some seventy of them. On the second, fat, dumpy streak, bristled, and the rest. The third and the forth have similarly each its complement of genes. Each gene has its own particular and invariable locus on its own chromosome. The genetic equipment of the banana fly has, in fact, been plotted and mapped, and the relative position of every known gene in the constitution of the race of *Drosophila melanogaster* is recorded on its chromosome map.

This marvel was achieved by a complex combination of experimental breeding, statistical computation, and cytological observation, each step being subject to the rigorous criterion of prediction, experiment, and verification. A general notion of the sort of clues that led Morgan and his colleagues to these discoveries may be gathered from the brief explanation that follows.

Where two genes are carried on the same chromosomes it may be expected that in certain crosses they will both be present in the offspring or both absent. Actually, in taking large numbers it is found that with, say, the mutant characters *black body* and *vestigial wing*, instead of fifty per cent. ordinary grey-bodied, long-winged insects and fifty per cent. vestigial winged, black-bodied expected in the second inbred filial generation, the observed proportions are 41.5 to 41.5 with 8.5 black and long and 8.5 grey and vestigial. It appears as though in some cases there had been a crossing over of the gene from one chromosome to its partner, so that linked characters are separated. The reader will remember that the chromosomes are in pairs. Microscopic examination reveals that chromosomes do become twisted in the process of pairing, and that corresponding lengths of homologous chromosomes are sometimes exchanged. The evidence that this is the explanation of the discrepancies in the numbers and distribution of the characters is abundant but involves too lengthy an exposition to be included here. The point of present interest is this: There has emerged from these studies a definite quantitative relationship between the cross-over percentage of different pairs of linked factors. Assuming that the chances of two genes being separated in this manner are proportional to their distance apart on the chromosome it is possible to arrange all the genes in a line at definite points along the chromosomes. This has been done through the study of linkage groups and cross-over values for all four pairs of the chromosomes of Drosophila. A great variety of experimental crossings gives mathematical results strikingly in accordance with this hypothesis. The cross-over value of one pair of mutant characters after another has gradually yielded a complete inheritance chart of the fruit fly, and, with pedigreed stock, it is possible to predict the character of the offspring of any mating.

Subsequently, similar maps have been constructed for the other varieties of Drosophila. In England, Punnett has mapped the chromosomes of the sweet pea. The maize, tobacco, the primrose, the domestic fowl, and other plants and animals have been partially plotted. In the far future it may be possible to construct a map of the human chromosomes. Then, indeed, we may know sufficient about human inheritance to proceed with practical eugenics. The human family breeds slowly. It is small. The known genes, though considerable in number, are rare. Experimental mating is impracticable. Nevertheless, there are indications that it will be possible by indirect means (for instance, through the genetics of blood grouping) to plot one or two critical points on the human chromosomes. When this is achieved there will open up for the geneticist a long, long trail of discovery to be traversed before the whole forty-eight chromosomes are mapped complete with the thousands of characters inherent in the human race.

AUTOSOME

A WORD TO DE VALERA

DEAR Sir, your followers, as I understand
(With this surprise election close at hand),
Have rashly urged you not to leave in doubt
The issues Ireland is to vote about;
And, in particular, to emphasise
The severance of all Imperial ties—
A foolish policy, for who'd forgo
The boon of an hereditary foe?
Reflect how necessary to a State
Is someone for the common folk to hate,
Who, otherwise, might charge their discontent
Upon the blunders of the Government.
Think how our British statesmen's reputations
Defied the critics in the War of Nations,
When all effects of what they left undone,
Or worse, did ill, were blamed upon the Hun.
Take your own case; consider, if you please,
Your programme of impossibilities,
That brand-new, " self-sufficing " Heaven on earth
Which you have vowed (D.V.) to bring to birth.
Now, if the vision should not quite come true,
'Tis Jimmy Thomas takes the blame, not you.
If your new industries should prove unsound,
If coal and iron are not in Ireland found,
If cuts in salaries must needs be made,
If falling prices spoil the farmer's trade,
You've still the same good reason to invoke
The brutal tyranny of the Saxon yoke.
Think of the forces on your side to-day,
The wild, the workless, and the I.R.A.
Think, should you bring the true Republic in,
You'll be " the Government " they're all " agin."
Then thank your stars that you can still employ
The Saxon Tyrant as your whipping-boy.

MACFLECKNOE

Correspondence

OUR NEW TYPE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

SIR,—I would like to express my appreciation of the intelligent way in which THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION has been redressed. No more readable text type could have been chosen than Mono Plantin, and by spacing the lines instead of setting them " solid " you have avoided an error which seriously interferes with the legibility of some other journals.

The Bodoni Bold headings are dignified, yet striking, and a special mark of commendation is due to you for not rushing to the fashionable Gill faces, which, while excellent if properly handled, are nowadays too often employed in magazine work merely because they are modern and without any regard to the necessity for using them sparingly in conjunction with other types.

If I might venture to offer one suggestion, it is that the details of the books (publisher's name, price, etc.) printed at the head of the reviews should be in italics, though the titles and authors' names should remain as at present.

GEORGE E. KAMM

21, King's Gardens, N.W.6.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

SIR,—In response to the invitation contained in your last issue of 1932, I gladly write to express my whole-hearted approval of the change which has now been made in the typography of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. Its appearance in Mono Plantin at once brings it right up to date typographically, but cannot the good work be completed by adopting the new type throughout? May I venture to hope that after the first surprise (which the change may cause to some of your readers) has worn off you will put the main title of the paper into Plantin—perhaps using a slightly smaller size than that of the present type. If that were done there would be no reason for retaining in a different type the somewhat unsightly "initial" letter with which the text opens on the first page. Furthermore, would not the titles of the articles look more pleasing in the same type—there would appear to be no advantage in using the present face, which introduces a third variety into your issue of January 7th, and surely the titles in the Correspondence section provide sufficient evidence of the beauty of Plantin when set in capitals?

13 Lawn Road, PHILIP UNWIN
Hampstead, N.W.3.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

SIR,—May I be allowed to congratulate you on the new type-setting for THE NEW STATESMAN? Five years ago my sight became ineffective and I thought never to have seen my beloved review again. Even with the aid of an astronomical telescope the printed word was completely invisible to me. I could only vaguely distinguish a rectangle of whitish paper.

But now, what a change! The printed word stands out before me—a confused blur, certainly, but undeniable proof that for five years my newsagent has not been swindling me with blank paper, as I had suspected. May God bless you, Sir, for clearing the honour of a humble tradesman and for preserving the peace of mind of a retired centenarian. O. D. BLUDYER (Col.)

Mon Abri, Brine Bath Avenue, Late Queen's Arquebusiers.
Cheltenham Spa.

GOLD IN KENYA

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

SIR,—I was glad to see your article, "Gold and Faith in Kenya," in THE NEW STATESMAN of January 7th. In this article you state that "Kenya natives are no longer the docile dupes they once were, etc.," and predict future strife between Blacks and Whites in that country unless justice is done to the Kavirondo in the matter of their reserve.

The trouble goes deeper than that; you might, and should, have said the native of Africa, for it is becoming increasingly difficult to keep that continent in watertight compartments. I spent two years in Kenya just after the war, mostly in a native reserve, and have since taken an interest in the trend of African affairs. Two tendencies which have impressed me most during the last ten years have been the spread of elementary education amongst the natives and the increased facilities for travel throughout the continent, the latter not being confined to the white man. Tanganyika Territory to the south of Kenya is administered as a mandate of the League of Nations "for the benefit of its native inhabitants," whilst entirely different principles govern the latter administration. Other glaring anomalies between the position of treatment of the native races exist between such places as South Africa and Nigeria, not to mention the Belgian, Portuguese and French colonies.

It is obvious that with the increase of education and intercommunication these matters will have to undergo some form of adjustment in due course. A fundamental belief by the majority of African natives in the good faith of, and fair treatment by, the white races is the only force that will make these future readjustments possible by peaceful and reasonable methods.

It will not be Kenya Colony only that will suffer for the present contemplated breach of faith.

St. Mary's Grange, PHILIP S. MUMFORD (Capt.)
Easthorpe, Kelvedon, Essex.

PAYING IN KIND

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

SIR,—The answer to R. G.'s inquiry "what is the real difficulty of settling our debts with the U.S.A. by means of a territorial transfer?" is that the colonies generally mentioned in such proposals are not "our" property. No West Indian community with which I am acquainted would desire or consent to such a transfer. I cannot speak for the Bahamas; but I doubt whether the U.S.A. would regard a transfer of that group, if willing, as an adequate set off for our debt.

If the community of the Bahamas, or any other colony, really desired such transfer, there would remain only political expediencies to be considered. As regards the territories taken from Germany, the situation is different. They were disposed of by the Allied Powers and placed under mandates on the theory that they are to be governed in their own interests. The question whether they should be transferred to the trusteeship of Germany ought therefore to depend solely upon considerations of whether their interests could be better served than under the existing mandatories.

Old Hall, Ramsden. OLIVIER

PEASANTS AND BOLSHEVIKS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

SIR,—I read with interest the article in your last issue, "The Peasants and the Bolsheviks." Your contributor is apparently of the opinion that the Russians have at least achieved a certain measure of success with the first Five Year Plan. This is the more refreshing, as most articles recently contributed to the press, entirely overlooking the illiteracy and inadaptability of the Russian peasant, have taken the line that as the Five Year Plan has not been a 100 per cent. success, it has been a complete failure.

May I, however, point to a statement which is, I think, incorrect. You say, "We are glad to see that the British and Soviet Governments have now concluded their timber agreement." The agreement is not between the two Governments, but between the majority of the British timber trade represented by a company —which was especially formed in 1932 for the purpose—Timber Distributors, Ltd., and the Soviet Government, represented by their agents in Great Britain.

27 Rectory Terrace, Gosforth, E. B. JOLLY
Newcastle-on-Tyne.

THE ALIEN MENACE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

SIR,—I wonder whether your correspondent who denounces my book *The Alien Menace*, without having read it, is one of the Scottish Nationalists who want to stop the immigration into Scotland of Irishmen, and to ship all those convicted in Scotland of crime, or those unable to support themselves, back to their own country. See page 16 of the book, which I am sending you.

His argument that we should not exclude undesirable aliens because Englishmen, Scots and Welshmen go to other countries is a very old and poor one. The fact is the only country, other than our own colonies, to which Britons have emigrated in any number is the United States, where they have engaged, not in parasitical occupations, but in occupations which require industry, skill, intelligence, knowledge, character and experience. During my residence in the United States I never heard of any men of British birth or origin being convicted of arson, receiving, forgery, counterfeiting, procuring, coin-clipping, brothel-keeping, white-slave trafficking, and the various other occupations which the low-class aliens in this country and the United States practically monopolise. If a British subject is convicted in the United States of serious crime he is promptly deported to his own country. Men of British origin in the United States are regarded as extremely desirable aliens, and the restrictions imposed by the United States Congress on immigration were not due to their activities.

As to the French Huguenots and other seventeenth-century immigrants, they were akin to us in race and religion, and incurred hatred and persecution in their own countries because they refused to conform to the popular religion; while the rough treatment to which the co-racials of Messrs. Trotsky and Bela Cohen are subjected in countries where they have become numerous seems largely inspired by their indulgence in the same eccentricities which in this country land so many of them in Wormwood Scrubs and Dartmoor. The Huguenots created wealth in the countries they went to, while the Jack Kleins, Jacob Factors, Lorangs, Gialdinis, Hatrys and Whitaker Wrights who honour this country with their presence simply grab a considerable portion of the wealth already created.

The descendants of the Huguenots in England are not Frenchmen, but Englishmen, and, being such, would not oppose the stoppage of the importation of prostitutes because a certain proportion of them are French. But the descendants of many of the aliens that came here in recent years from Eastern Europe are still aliens, and whether they be Members of Parliament, Cabinet Ministers, newspaper proprietors, or ordinary voters place their racial interests before the welfare of the British people.

The United States of America have, of late years, taken strong measures regarding undesirable aliens and last year deported 120,000. See my book, Chapter X, pages 105–106.

54 Sheffield Terrace, Campden Hill, W.8. A. H. LANE

MR. KEYNES' PROPOSALS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

SIR,—The weak spot in Mr. Keynes' "fourth plan," as indicated by Mr. J. T. Morris in your issue of January 7th, is undoubtedly getting the nations to agree amongst themselves as to their relative "economic weights." The simple solution of the difficulty is to share out the new "gold certificates" as a repayment to each nation of the war debts and reparations which it has paid in the past and which it has to pay in future. All future war debts and reparations could then be paid without in the least upsetting the financial economy of Europe, because as gold went out its exact equivalent would come in and perform all its monetary functions; while the gradual reimbursement of past war-debt payments—say so much per quarter, which each nation would pledge itself to use to relieve taxation and to spend on public utility works employing fresh labour—would revive trade by restoring spending power to its original level. The fact that by this method we are merely replacing the spending power which has been destroyed is sufficient guarantee against "inflation."

I may add that Mr. Keynes' "fourth plan" is substantially identical with one formulated by me in 1928 and submitted to the press without success.

15 Eaton Rise, W.5. A. BENJAMIN

[This variant of Mr. Keynes' proposal would deserve consideration. But since it concentrates the benefit on a few countries it might be more difficult to get general acceptance for it, especially by the United States. Also it would be too self-interested a proposal for Great Britain to make with a good face. The choice would seem to be between an all-round scheme, in the benefits of which everyone would participate, and a scheme avowedly directed towards helping only the financially weaker countries.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE INSPIRATION OF THE PRE-RAPHAELITES

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

SIR,—Mr. Raymond Mortimer, in his review of Mr. Francis Bickley's book *The Pre-Raphaelite Comedy*, makes a most astonishing assertion. I have not read the book, so I cannot judge if Mr. Bickley is responsible for the statement. The title of the book rather leads one to believe that the author is out to mock at the expense of truth.

Mr. Mortimer says: "Many people imagine that pre-Raphaelitism was a movement of revival inspired by an admiration of the Italian Primitives and quatrocentists. In point of fact, none of the brotherhood seems to have known or cared much about early painting, *and I cannot make out that any of them ever went to Italy*." The italics are mine. I thought of Burne-Jones, and wondered if my memory or imagination had played me false. Often, as a child, I went to his house and studio, and knew about his love for Italy. And I remember one special Italian Primitive he had picked up there as a young man, the naive charm of which he would point out to one with joy. I turned, therefore, to the Index of the *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, and read there under Italy "E.B.J.'s affection for." He had been to Italy three times before he was thirty-nine, and wrote letters from there full of its beauty and his lasting delight in it. This is an extract written in 1871—after some time spent in Italy: "So that now I care most for Michael Angelo, Luca Signorelli, Mantegna, Giotto, Botticelli, Andrea del Sarto, Paolo Uccello, and Piera della Francesca. This time for some reason, artistic excellence *alone* had little charm for me, so that I never wanted even to look at Titian and saw the Raphaels at Rome for the first time as unaffected by them as I can see the Cartoons in London. But Giotto at Santa Croce, and Botticelli everywhere and Orcagna in the Inferno at Santa Maria Novella and Luca Signorelli at Orvieto and Michael Angelo always and the Green Cloisters at Florence—seemed full of the inspiration that I went to look for."

Holman Hunt, with whom I was also personally acquainted, loved Italy and spent long periods in Florence when his first wife died. Fortunately we have first-hand knowledge of the pre-Raphaelites and their aims and ideals through their own personal letters and diaries, and have no need to seek information from fanciful stories, either for or against them.

Mr. Mortimer states that the movement was not based on a love of the Italian Primitives, and that the pre-Raphaelites had never been to Italy; he therefore implies that the whole thing was a fake. But both these assertions are false, as I have shown.

The pre-Raphaelites may not have been successful as exponents of their theories of Art; that must remain a matter of opinion; but at least their love and admiration for the painters before Raphael was ardent and sincere, and upon that the brotherhood was founded. DOROTHEA PONSONBY OF SHULBREDE

Shulbrede Priory, Haslemere.

[Mr. Raymond Mortimer replies: "I said 'none of the Brotherhood,' not none of the pre-Raphaelites, and Burne-Jones was never a member of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Holman Hunt did spend some time in Italy, but this does not appear to have made much impression upon him, as in his Memoirs only fourteen out of over one thousand pages are given to it. In point of fact, Millais also made a trip to Italy. But neither Hunt nor Millais went there before 1865, and as far as I can discover no other member of the Brotherhood went there at all. When the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was founded none of its members had been to Italy and it was almost impossible for them to take any interest in early Italian painters, because there was hardly any of their work to be seen at that time in England. Their acquaintance with them seems to have been limited to some engravings of the frescoes in the Campo Santo at Pisa. I never wished to suggest that the pre-Raphaelites were fakes. My point, which Mr. Bickley makes very clear, is that they were self-confessedly inspired, not as is generally supposed by the Italian Primitives, but by a dislike of the conventional painting of the time and by a desire for greater fidelity to nature."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

HECKLING IN CHURCH

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

SIR,—As a newly appointed Justice of the Peace I am anxious to learn all about law and order. My judicial education has greatly advanced since learning of the decision of the majority of the Penzance Bench to acquit twelve persons who were charged with causing a disturbance in St. Hilary Church. The defendants admitted disorderly conduct such as singing and talking so that the clergyman was not able to make himself heard, but the magistrates agreed with the defendants that this was not a crime because the service (like 90 per cent. of all Parish Church services) was not conducted on Prayer Book lines. Apparently anyone can attend a church service and assert the British-born right of free speech in order to persuade the vicar to adopt a particular brand of religion. Those who believe in a full-blooded Bible can shout down the Bishop of Birmingham and other Modernists. Socialists can howl at Dean Inge and the diehards. Fascists can parade with bands and banners in the churches of every Socialist vicar, while Anglo-Catholics can scatter incense over every altar. Everyone can have free speech (in church) and the police courts can be used to uphold this right. We live and learn.

64 Radwinter Road, Saffron Walden, Essex. S. S. WILSON

RETAILING AND THE PUBLIC

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

SIR,—Your reviewer of *Retailing and the Public*, by Lawrence E. Neal, is surprised that manufacturers "prefer many scattered small distributors to fewer large efficient ones." He need not be, for the reason is clear: the small distributor is in closer touch with his public than the department store can ever hope to be.

Take my own case. I am a "small man," a chemist with one shop, which was founded by my father just fifty years ago. I have one assistant, who is also a registered chemist. I personally conduct the business, and serve upwards of 50 per cent. of my customers; during business hours I am available for anyone who may wish to see me or seek my advice on any matter relating to their needs. I am buyer and salesman, stock-keeper and window-

dresser, accountant and clerk. Incidentally, on the dispensing side of my business, I am manufacturer and professional man too, —but without professional fees! I know my business, every detail of it, and I know my customers. The manufacturers know that I know it, for they are continually soliciting me to give them window displays and counter shows of their products. They know that if their goods are sold in my shop they will gain in prestige. I venture to think that I am in a position to run my small "family" business as efficiently as any competing multiple store their large one; to sell my goods as cheaply; and to give a better, because a more personal, service.

Your reviewer infers that the large stores are necessarily efficient, and the small shops necessarily inefficient. That this is not so may be proved by anyone who, living in the provinces, attempts to buy, say, a length of curtain material from a large London store. The correspondence that ensues is voluminous and revealing. One sees a *system* in travail. It reminds one of the ineffectual scratchings of an elephant—he knows there's an itch somewhere, but he can't quite locate it! B. W. G.

Nottingham.

Miscellany

WITCHCRAFT

DURING a year of prolonged drought I visited Angwech, an old woman who lived on the outskirts of the Lango tribe. A lady of immense personality and poise, she specialised in a particular brand of water, which if used at the rain ceremonies was guaranteed to be efficacious. So great was her reputation that she was receiving deputations almost daily from every section of the tribe, and each naturally arrived with suitable gifts in lively expectation of her favours. While I was staying with her an incident occurred which must be almost unique. A deputation arrived from Aduku, and as it was driving several sheep and goats, as well as a few cows, it had taken three days over a journey of but sixty miles. In due course Angwech consented to receive them, praised their munificent offering and told them that she could not accept it, since it had started raining heavily at Aduku (though not in her own part of the country) the day after her visitors had set out: in the circumstances, therefore, she could not take a present now that her services were no longer necessary. This abnegation was most effective and increased her already great reputation enormously. It was a masterly piece of business, but magic had probably very little to do with it. Angwech was shrewd enough to have her agents about, and she knew what she was doing when she said that it had rained at Aduku on a given day.

Still another incident occurred before I left her. There is a sacred rain road which is only used every twenty years or so during a serious drought. It leads through uninhabited country to the confines of another tribe, known as Abur, who are the possessors of a potent rain magic. That road was being much used in those days, but it was Angwech who suggested one evening that I might look with profit into the matter, as she doubted whether the road was not being put to an improper use. A *faux pas* of mine had led to a good issue, because Angwech, scandalised by a suggestion that she should tell me something about witchcraft, had set herself to educate my appalling ignorance. Her indignation was genuine, for I had been so tactless as to confuse witchcraft with magic. She wasted no time in pointing out that the latter was beneficial to the community, whereas the former was anti-social and as disintegrating as magic was conservative. Besides, she added, the magician—whether it be of rain or some other activity—is really a public official, recognised by the tribe, while the wizard is a private practitioner working for his own ends, which in a community based on sound principles of communism must in itself be anti-social, quite apart from the methods employed.

This conversation led to several others of absorbing interest, and eventually to the hint about the sacred road. It did not take much inquiring to discover that the users of that road—and they were many—were coming back well provided, not with rain magic, but with livestock, which replaced the ivory which they were carrying on their outward journey. Now in the cosmogony of this tribe there is another world in the sky inhabited by human beings, and once upon a time communication between the two spheres was possible, and men have even been known who passed from the one to the other, on a kind of summer cruise. This belief predisposed them to accept a stranger at his face value as a visitant from the other sphere. This stranger happened to be a renegade of the Jaluo tribe, who speak a similar language, and had joined forces with Abyssinian slave- and ivory-traffickers. Knowing this belief, and having the advantage of language, he played upon religious credulity to the top of his bent. He had fallen from the sky, he alleged, bringing with him a sack of money, the leg of a cow, and four soldiers. Though he came from a place where there were cattle innumerable and wealth unspendable, yet he would live here on earth and distribute some of his wealth if they, for their part, would contribute ivory. A perfectly good confidence trick.

Of course they fell for it: it seemed quite a reasonable proposition, and it is just this sweet reasonableness which inspires an implicit belief in the infallibility of magic, and still more in the inevitability of witchcraft. Witchcraft has a tremendous pull just because it is a natural thing to expect. The witch, or wizard, is just as convinced of its genuineness as are those against whom its operations are directed.

Witchcraft is rather like tuberculosis: its potentiality is always there, dormant, in suspense, waiting for an individual to waken it to its baneful activity. The individual may not even know that he has it in him, and the sinister power may, unawares, by an introverted infection, be the cause of its possessor's death. So in many parts of Africa a death is inevitably followed by a post-mortem examination of the intestines, the convolutions of which will show whether or not witchcraft was in the deceased; since, the power being hereditary, its presence visible at the post-mortem would make his relatives, if not objects of suspicion, at least people with whom it would be as well to be on good terms. Thus a belief in witchcraft has contributed to quite a good knowledge of anatomy and a corresponding advance in surgical technique.

No practitioner of witchcraft, therefore, when put to the ultimate test denies that he has the power, even though death —that is before European Governments intervened, paradoxically to the great benefit of wizards—was the recognised penalty for his crimes. I met an old woman one morning being dragged up a mountain path by a couple of youths, and on asking what the trouble was learned that she had bewitched a cow, which thereupon refused to provide its usual quota of milk. In response to my query the old hag, nodding and gesticulating wildly, broke into a torrent of speech. "Of course I bewitched his cow," she screamed, "and his mother, who died suddenly, and his young sister, so that she too nearly died of smallpox. Why? His great-grandfather . . ." did something or other which she was far too incoherent to discuss.

Curiously enough it was not far from Angwech's village, where I had received my first lesson on the purport of witchcraft, that some singular manifestations occurred. First, a recent grave was found to have been disturbed and the corpse had been partially disinterred. As there was no indication that hyaenas had been about it was assumed that a wizard was responsible: for a potent "medicine" may be made from portions of a human carcase. This happened when the first epidemic of cerebro-spinal meningitis swept through the country: death came in such a mysterious and sudden form that, as usual in such cases, an extra-human agency was believed to be at work under the control of an unknown wizard. About the same time strange lights were seen to flash at night where no light should ever have been, and persisted for nearly three weeks, while a swamp near by broke out in a series of explosions as the accumulated marsh-gases were released.

Then a whisper began to circulate that Okelo was going the way of his father, who years before, while Okelo was still a young boy, was stoned to death for practising witchcraft. This was a natural enough supposition as the addiction is hereditary, but the reaction to be seen in Okelo's behaviour was the most remarkable development. He suddenly became very mysterious: none knew his goings and his comings. He terrified his wife into silence about his nightly absences until in desperation she ran away to her own family. He actually courted suspicion by haunting the latest graves. He became unkempt in appearance, discarded his ornaments, and took to carrying a long hide pouch such as wizards are known to carry. He used strange phrases couched in a jargon which none could understand, and developed a way of looking at people which seemed to aim at piercing their thoughts. By means such as these he deliberately fostered the growth of rumour: he accepted the responsibility for deaths which he certainly did not cause and firmly believed that he had caused them. As for motive, the witchcraft was in him and he could not help it. He went mad, of course, and was found one morning eating the short grass that grows on the banks of the marsh; and when the people came to take him home he shouted that now he had killed all he wanted to kill and must go to his father, proceeding with the greatest deliberation to drown himself. Needless to say, the epidemic did not stop with his death, but it was quite impossible to convince them that it had not been induced by witchcraft. J. H. DRIBERG

EXCITEMENT, SATIRE, SPEED

DINNER AT EIGHT, at the Palace Theatre, by George Kaufman and Edna Ferber, both gifted authors (her novel, *Show Boat* was very superior to the popular play made from it), is an exceptionally animated performance: violent, unintermitted animation—that is the outcome and the aim of this ingenious mixture of ingredients, each of which is pungent enough to flavour for some palates the whole play. I can well imagine one playgoer declaring afterwards that *Dinner at Eight* is excruciatingly funny, and another, that it is excruciatingly painful. The fact is *Dinner at Eight* is both; it is extremely amusing *and* thoroughly remorseless; which of these aspects will predominate in your own retrospect depends upon whether you happen to be tender or tough; but while you are in the theatre, in either case, you will be swept along by its vivacious velocity.

One important point at which the transatlantic stage differs from ours is *tempo;* their pace is double ours. (Of course, I am only speaking of the tip-top American play of the moment, not of such deep plays as Eugene O'Neil's *Strange Interlude.*) Recall the rattle and flash with which *Broadway*, for example, dashed to its terminus. Now, an English audience was once content to ruminate receptively while the playwright was preparing his situations. It used to be for connoisseurs even an added pleasure to be able to observe him at it, digging with deliberation the dry trench down which the water was eventually to flow. In the well-made three-act drama the whole of the first act, and often the greater part of the second, was devoted to this steady trenching. But the modern, and especially the American-modern, temperament hates preparation and adores—surprise. Of course, there must be some preparation, or incidents won't hold together and crescendo would be impossible, but what is absolutely necessary must now be conveyed by hints and flashes; by a casual word dropped in the midst of chatter, by a gesture while the spectator's eye is on something else. No more preparation is allowed; it would be boring. The quality of attention demanded of the modern audience is therefore that which enables the driver of a racing car while swerving past a van to catch the name on a signpost as it whisks behind him. When I compare these methods with old leisurely ways of telling a story on the stage, I am reminded of that pathetic figure, the Baker, in *The Hunting of the Snark* who, by the by, had some vital information to impart. He began, you remember:

> "My father and mother were honest, though poor—"
> "Skip all that," cried the Bellman in haste,
> "If it once becomes dark, there's no chance of a Snark—
> We have hardly a minute to waste."

Then, he tried again:

> "A dear uncle of mine (after whom I was named)
> Remarked when I bade him farewell—"
> "Oh skip your dear uncle," the Bellman exclaimed,
> As he angrily tinkled his bell.

At a tip-top American play I hear perpetually the furious tinkle of that bell. Though bewildered, for I have myself a ruminating mind, I find I am often exhilarated by this speeding-up. It certainly makes me impatient afterwards of being compelled to stare at the slow evolution on the stage of a situation all-too-clear and perhaps not important. And I am sure the movie habit has quickened considerably the rapidity of the public's capacity for attention, though we orientals must still strike western playwrights and producers as very slow in the up-take. But our own are hurrying; Mr. Noel Coward was pretty brisk in his methods in *Private Lives*—and we liked them. A London audience to-day will not find *Dinner at Eight* too fast to follow, while it is so strewn with points that if, as I did, they only take one out of five, they will find nevertheless they have a mindful.

One of the tests I apply to plays, before recommending or cursing them, is the degree to which I have lost self-consciousness myself in the theatre. If I have been so riveted that I ceased to know that I was a human-being sitting between others, then, whatever on reflection I may think of its *value,* that performance goes straight into my category of good entertainments. The play and actors have passed the great, elementary, fundamental test. At the Palace Theatre from the rise to the fall of each curtain, and even during the short "blacking-out" intervals between the four scenes of which each act is composed, the performers succeeded in turning me into a mere characterless percipient attentive only to them. But, and this also is criticism of the play, I did not spend the act-intervals (though I was eager enough to get back to my seat to see what was coming) in that delicious state of gently-heaving emotion and astonished clarity of mind that fine drama produces. I did not wander about the lobby hoping to Heaven no one would speak to me; on the contrary, click, I was back again in myself, ready to talk about anything and wondering, not about the play, but if I was thirsty enough to enjoy a glass of beer and when I could get my hair cut. Well, if the reader thinks me a reliable thermometer, after those two statements he ought to know for himself where to place, roughly, *Dinner at Eight* as a play and, for certain, that it was exceedingly well acted. "But what was it like? Shall *I* enjoy it?" These, too, are questions, whatever reader asks them, it is my business to try to answer.

Well, it was like Peter Arno's *Parade* come to life, with an undertow of tragedy pulling through it. Does the *New Yorker* amuse you? Do you enjoy the bite of its humour, its gay toughness, its amoral moral and anti-social social satire? If you enjoyed, say, the humour of the picture of a big "butter-and-egg man" putting a detaining paw over the too-often filled champagne glass of a little "chippy" and murmuring with a leer of portentous tenderness, "Darling, don't spoil my dream"; if you have chuckled over those drawings of spoilt women and pompous men in preposterously luxurious surroundings losing all corresponding *tenu,* and collapsing into a native, yet not always unamiable, indignity; if you have relished those grotesque pictorial contrasts between pretences and realities ("Get up, you mutt, we're to be married to-day"); if you have appreciated the economy with which a laconic legend will explode the whole satire of the picture (I wish to suggest a parallel here between the snap of the dialogue and the mordant humour of the situations in *Dinner at Eight*); if you have recognised in modern American satire

of Americans—yes, through the very heyday of " bunk " and " bally-hoo " and of a snatch-as-snatch-can society—the survival of a civilised, intellectual standard as cruel and incorruptible as that of Forain and Lautrec in Paris of the 'eighties—then, you will thoroughly enjoy this play. You will appreciate, then, the acrid pathos of the male movie-beauty (all profile, no talent) whose day is over but with the help of gin pretends it is not (Mr. Basil Sydney's performance was perfect), who, on the very night he is invited as a lion to *the* dinner party, turns on the suicide's gas in his gorgeous apartments for which he can never pay. You will relish the Billingsgate back-chat spurting from the mouth of " a dainty rogue in porcelain," and staggering, like the jet from a hose, the raging impetuosity of her millionaire husband. (One claps Mr. and Mrs. Packard wildly in their tremendous matrimonial row while dressing for *the* party.) You will not miss the subtlety of the refined doctor's infatuation (he also is invited) with the aforesaid pink and silvery little slut, or the tableau she hastily prepares for him in bed with a serious book upon her knees: " not that, the big one, you nit-wit," she yells at her maid. (Kitty Packard, ex-cloak-room attendant, is an " introvert," her husband an " extrovert "; she has got hold of those tags from her lover, and on her pearly, peevish lips they suggest the whole of the doctor's amorous technique and his own self-deception.) And the hostess! The agitated social climber, Mrs. Jordan, who has no need to climb, but must be in it, in it, in it; and to whom social occasions are so pre-eminently important, that when the pivots of her party an English Lord and Lady chuck at the last moment, she astounds us—we who know that one guest has suffocated himself, that her husband has been ruined by Packard and has angina pectoris, that her maid has been seduced by her butler, that her engaged daughter is in love with the movie-star, that the Packard menage is in dissolution, that the doctor's wife is miserable and the doctor ashamed of himself—with an hysterical outburst, in the vein of, " Was ever trouble like to mine! " Miss Irene Vanbrugh's deftness, alacrity and crescendo in this part are a treat to watch. Is there a point of rest for the imagination in this rattling satire? Yes—a small one—her husband, the old-fashioned American man of business, played with dignity by Mr. Tristan Rawson.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Fresh Fields

In Mr. Ivor Novello's *Fresh Fields* (at the Criterion) a very raw Australian family become the paying guests of a duke's daughters who resemble one another only in their chronic penury —the play needs no description. Save for a brilliant ten minutes in the first act, it is ingenuous in the extreme. But the daughters themselves are too perfect to need a plot. Miss Lilian Braithwaite has a unique gift of caricature and her Lady Lilian Bedworthy, fainting in coils and eating hearty breakfasts with reluctance, is exquisitely funny. Her performance illuminates and is illuminated by that of Miss Ellis Jeffreys. Here is worldly wisdom, marshalling and deploying its forces with ruthless determination, rendered equally ridiculous and delicious by failure and success. The two are supported by a very capable cast, of whom Miss Minnie Rayner, and Miss Martita Hunt, in violent contrast, are especially good.

The Royal Academy

After a splendid series of New Year Exhibitions, which it was to be hoped might start a precedent, the Academy now gives us the winter of our discontent, with a selection of the work of fourteen of its members who died in recent years. Few of them would figure in a representative exhibition of English art chosen on grounds of merit, though some would deserve inclusion in a museum of bygone taste. Dicksee's *Harmony*, La Thangue's *Man with the Scythe*, Greiffenhagen's *Dawn*, Tuke's bathing boys and Wyllie's ships, all meeting current sentimentality halfway, are a fascinating register of the national heartbeats of yesteryear. As illustrators, they were good draughtsmen and skilful in composition, but when dealing with colour on a large scale their line lost vitality and the poverty of their novelettish invention lay exposed. Even Ricketts, of much higher category as an artist, was happier in book decoration and designing for the theatre than in oils. For a sense of scale and appropriateness to the medium one turns to some of Lambert's portraits and all his landscapes, to Muirhead, the most individual and consistent artist in the exhibition, who never forced his particular gift and illuminated it with courageous visual truth, and to Sims and Orpen. Sims, with a cunningly compounded blend of Rubens and Watteau, rarely sought more than an ingratiating prettiness, but was a very efficient craftsman until he was swept into a whirlpool of mysticism. Then his paint became crude and streaky, though it conveyed something more genuine and personal in expression than the earlier elegance. But these painters and the accompanying sculptors, of whom Poole alone is of importance, would not have been a sufficient excuse for the exhibition without Orpen. His prodigious talent is displayed in all its phases. We see the meticulous accuracy of the early drawings, the wonderful handling of paint, and acknowledge a master of his craft. Yet rarely, as in *A Chelsea Window* and *Girl with a Red Shawl*, is more than craftsmanship displayed. Memories of old masters are mixed in a clever recipe, the artist sometimes competes, not altogether successfully, with Mr. James Pryde, he masquerades with charm and high spirits in self-portraits, he catches innumerable likenesses, but still this wonderful machine for rendering appearances hardly ever pierces beyond the superficial. In the war pictures there is a brave realism and satire, yet a mechanical, rather inhuman daintiness frequently vitiates them; for Orpen succumbed to his own facility, and just missed the supreme rank in which it should have placed him.

Unpleasantness in a Military School

After the dazzling success of *Mädchen in Uniform*, it followed as the night the day that *Knaben in Uniform* might be expected at no distant date, and sure enough we can now go and see *Kadetten* at the Academy. A comparison between the two films cannot, however, be pushed too far, as the communal life in *Kadetten* is far less complete than in *Mädchen in Uniform*. This picture treats the disastrous consequences of falling in love with your stepmother, and such an emotional misfortune is in no way peculiar to a military academy. There is less character in this film and more external action; and, as all must come right in the end, the whole situation is less harrowing. Still, *Kadetten* is quite an exciting story, and is well photographed and very well cut.

Disney's Colour Symphonies

Admirers of Walt Disney should lose no time in going to see *Trees and Flowers*, a Silly Symphony in colour which is now being shown in several picture houses. Disney quite definitely gains by the use of colour, and *Trees and Flowers* provides a great deal of the pleasure which used to be found in a first-class Diaghilev ballet. The colours are neither naturalistic nor crude, and Disney is successful in preserving a unity of tone throughout the picture. The dance of the flowers, waking up and washing in the morning is as pretty and gay as anything well could be. Disney more than any other director has devised a " noisy " technique, and in his coloured series he complicates the minor relations without sacrificing the essential simplicity of his underlying scheme.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, January 13th—
St. John Ervine on " The Theatre," B.B.C., 6.50.

SUNDAY, January 15th—
Chapman Cohen on " The Menace of Mass Opinion," Conway Hall, 11.
Prof. C. G. Seligman on " The Future Life," B.B.C., 2.40.
London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Landon Ronald, Queen's Hall, 3.
" One of Us," Gaiety Theatre.

MONDAY, January 16th—
Courtauld-Sargent Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
" The Young Huntress," Embassy Theatre.

TUESDAY, January 17th—
S. Vyvyan T. Adams, M.P., on " The Possibility of Unilateral Disarmament," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
F. W. Pethick-Lawrence on " Finance of the U.S.S.R." Board Room, Central Y.W.C.A., Great Russell Street, 8.15

WEDNESDAY, January 18th—
Prof. H. J. Laski on " What is the State? " B.B.C., 7.30.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

I WONDER if the man who talks incessantly about himself ever writes memoirs in the same strain? If he does leave a written record, his old friends must be surprised to see him undergo a sudden metamorphosis after death and become an object of interest to all eternity. For we adore in print, and from the dead, what we should listen to with a very ill grace if it were confided to us by the living. Never can a man inflict his crushing egotism on his fellows so well as he can in the printed page after his death, where, so far from being resented, it is welcomed. It seems that the more self-centred the writer of memoirs, the better he is liked; it is only when he breaks off from the absorbing subject of himself and embarks upon some general reflection that we sigh with tedium. Such writing is, therefore, the exact opposite of conversation which can never be good unless the speaker has a thesis, which he can illustrate as he likes. In a book of memoirs we can read with pleasure endless undiluted gossip about unknown people which we should find desperately dull if it were spoken about our friends. Perhaps the reason is that sympathy, which is dangerous in life, is safe enough in literature. Above all we like the bad hat, the perpetrator of enormities, the unscrupulous Don Juan, the man who ruins the lives of others and gambles with his own. No doubt yard dogs read the memoirs of wolves and find them fascinating.

* * *

Comte Alexandre de Tilly is a noteworthy addition to one's gallery of bad hats. Written in French in 1803, the memoirs were published in a German translation in 1825, nine years after he had blown out his brains, and in 1828 they appeared, with numerous omissions, in French. In 1929 they were republished in French in an even more inaccurate edition, and they now appear (Gollancz, 18s.) in English in a translation of the *L'horreur! What Horror!* variety, and in a volume badly printed and produced with the author's and the translator's footnotes jumbled up at the end of the book and followed by a supplementary section of three pages of "Omissions from the Translator's Notes." Tilly, alas, is no Casanova or Hickey, but Mr. Havelock Ellis, who has studied Tilly for years, has written a really fascinating detailed introduction, which is enough to kindle one's enthusiasm about anyone. An earlier admirer of the memoirs was Stendhal, who, in a letter signed *William Crocodile*, mentions having written an article about them for an English magazine. This seems to have been suppressed in the editor's office.

* * *

Born in 1761, and beginning life at thirteen as a page of Marie Antoinette's, Tilly spent his life in seducing women, piling up debts and fighting duels. He visited England in 1783 and 1785 and escaped to it in 1792 just in the nick of time to save his head. And with his arrival at the mysterious "Stockport," two hours drive from Dover, the memoirs come to an end. Tilly suffers as a writer because he does not seem to have visualised his memories as he wrote them. Occasionally, where he still retained a picture in his mind, he is splendid:

> . . . a few feet away from its edge, began a fight as desperate and as skilful as can be imagined; but suddenly Touceville, with one marvellous swift volt, brought his opponent to the brink and, as if he had awaited the moment, ran him through the breast, up to the hilt; then, catching hold of him with both hands and raging as a lion after his prey, he literally lifted the man from the ground and hurled him into the pit! I must confess that my blood ran cold and I was unable to suppress a cry on seeing the fellow fall into this abyss with a sword through his body. "Let us go," said the victor, "he no longer needs help," and picking up the sword which the stranger had dropped: "A wretched evening and a bad exchange for him; we had better go."

The great defect of Tilly's writing, however, is that instead of talking about himself, he is always breaking off into moralisings and digressions on which he obviously prides himself, and that only occasionally are these of interest, as where he generalises about duels in England.

> . . . another reason why men avoid single combats, that is the extremely common use, I might say abuse, of wine which often gives rise in the evening to quarrels that are settled the next morning by the simple statement: "I was in liquor. . ." In France it would have doubly dishonoured any man who had the simplicity to put it forward.

We can all appreciate the dilemma of duelling with an abbé: "to kill him would be very blameworthy, to be killed by him really ridiculous." The book which made most impression on Tilly, and shocked him terribly, was *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*. He describes meeting the author in London, and Laclos told him that the original of the Vicomte de Valmont was a famous scientist friend of his. This was probably Gaspard Monge, the mathematician. Another of Tilly's literary stories is that one day a stranger called upon him and, introducing himself as Restif de la Bretonne, asked him for some anecdotes of his experiences with women which would provide copy for a new book. It is a thousand pities that he did not get Restif to write these memoirs. Unfortunately, one cannot rely on Tilly's telling the truth. We know that he was in gaol at Le Mans when he represents himself as travelling in Italy, and the rumours, current at the time, that he poisoned his mistress, Mme. de Broc, which Mr. Havelock Ellis dismisses as absurd, appear quite plausible, and fit the story if we assume that Tilly gave her a dose of ergot which proved fatal.

* * *

Mr. Havelock Ellis has carefully elucidated Tilly's life after the memoirs come to an end. Though no portrait of Tilly has survived, there is no doubt that he was very handsome. His face was his fortune, and, as he took that with him abroad and left only his debts behind, he was better off than many of the emigrés. In London he made a hit (in more senses than one, since he used to beat her with his riding whip) with the Margravine of Anspach, and in 1795 he crossed the Atlantic to seek his fortune in the New World. He went to Philadelphia, where he made the acquaintance of the Bingham family, and at the age of forty-seven succeeded in getting Maria Bingham, a lovely heiress of sixteen, to run off and marry him. Maria is described by H. G. Otis as wearing: "A muslin robe and her chemise, and no other article of clothing upon her body! I have been regaled with the sight of her whole legs for five minutes together and do not know to what height the fashion will be carried. The particulars of her dress I hear from old Mrs. F——, who assures me that her chemise is fringed to look like a petticoat." Immediately the ceremony was over Tilly proposed to sell his bride back to her family and addressed the following communication to her father:

> I make the following demands: 1. Five thousand pounds sterling to pay my debts. 2. An annuity of five hundred pounds sterling to be paid wherever I wish, in any country, except the United States. 3. Due security that I shall not be disturbed in any manner whatsoever in connection with the circumstances of my marriage. 4. I demand that Mr. Baring shall write to me or cause the statement to be made to me through General de Noailles, that he pushed me in a moment of agitation on account of the condition of his wife. . . . I will return the Comtesse de Tilly's letters, to her mother, and if at any time it is considered that a divorce would contribute to her happiness, I will agree at the first demand and not ask a shilling of damages. I desire the signature of Mr. Bingham to these articles before two o'clock this afternoon, and before ten o'clock to-morrow morning the absolute fulfilment of these conditions, so that I may leave instantly a country where I have been too unfortunate.—ALEX. DE TILLY.

The last line is masterly. Mr. Bingham loved his daughter and agreed to the terms. If the Bingham family ever read his memoirs they must have smiled when they reached the passage where he declared to Marie Antoinette: "Prodigality that squanders money may have been one of my failings, but never baseness that receives."

MERCURY PATTEN

A COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S APOLOGY

Memoirs of Marshal Joffre. Bles. 2 vols. 18s. each.

Marshal Joffre's memoirs are written with much evident modesty and good nature, and with such apparent candour, that it is difficult to realise we are in effect perusing yet another apology. The first portion is devoted to retailing a large amount of irrelevant matter, to the drawing across the path of innumerable red herrings. But nothing can alter the fact that the French plan of mobilisation (No. 17 ter) was based on entirely the wrong principle, useful indeed, as it subsequently turned out, to the presentation of the French "case" as showing that France had no intention whatever of violating Belgian neutrality, and indeed, under the circumstances, was incapable of doing so. But unfortunately the "case" also shows that the Higher Command, while thinking it had grasped perfectly and then applied satisfactorily the principles of the German Kriegspiel, had in effect done neither. The chapters at the beginning of the Marshal's book, which deal with *haute politique*, are really irrelevant to the issue. The politicians, for reasons partly moral and partly political (the question of the British Co-operation), had abandoned all idea of using Belgium: so had the Higher Command, but for very different reasons. By substituting the Three Years Law for the use of reserves in the front line (which was at bottom a mere piece of professional snobbery), the Higher Command made the extension of their own line into Belgium impossible, and acted on the assumption that the Germans would not be able to extend their line north either. The result of this fundamental misconception was that the French left wing was turned in the first month of the war, and that the war lasted three and a half years. Singularly unfortunate also was the fact that the debate on the Three Years Law necessitated a discussion in Parliament of the plan of mobilisation, so that the Germans knew that they had won the first battles before ever the war began. Alone of the war prophets, Jaurès, intent on his *armée nouvelle*, and fortified by his left wing hatred of a professional army, saw the main lines of the German offensive plan, a march by the left bank of the Meuse on Lille. The French Higher Command should have quite well been able, had they not gone mad about the uselessness of the reserve, adequately to defend the Franco-Belgian frontier without violating Belgian neutrality. But this all-important question the Marshal for very good reasons never discusses at all. He side-tracks the issue by falling on General Lanrézac.

This method of defending the French and English Higher Command has already been employed in a work which has had considerable success in England, *Retreat*, by General Spears, who devotes some four hundred pages to proving the stupidity of General Lanrézac and the wisdom and high nobility of Sir John French, without apparently observing that he proves exactly the opposite. Yet Lanrézac alone of the French military leaders seems to have realised where the brunt of the German offensive would fall. He had formed his opinion before the war broke out, and nothing occurred to make him change his opinion. His own memoirs are clear on the point. General Spears contends that though he guessed right (as cannot be denied) he must be given no credit for this correct guess, as it was not founded on reason. Joffre uses exactly the same language. Lanrézac's guess, he says, can only have been "divination." This is a dismal method of controversy. Quite apart from any correct reasoning, which may have gone to build up Lanrézac's opinion as to the German plan of operations, the power of divination has always been considered among the chief powers of military art. "You have got to guess what is happening on the other side of the hill," observed a great English master of war. "J'avais l'idée qu'ils étaient très fatigués," remarked Foch, when, on a desperate occasion, he triumphantly broke the rules.

The Marshal pitilessly portrays the gradual demoralisation of Lanrézac, as he saw all his worst previsions becoming realised, as Sir John French abandoned contact with his left wing, as the cavalry of General Sordet became increasingly inadequate. Here Joffre is supported by General Spears, and as both write as onlookers we accept their evidence. Still, he did not get so demoralised but that he avoided, in spite of everything, the capture of his whole army, to be dismissed by the Commander-in-Chief on the eve of the battle of the Marne. According to these memoirs Lanrézac was exhausted by the strain and glad to receive his freedom. For he had met, as he had vainly urged, the full shock of the German offensive. But the Marshal's final comment is curious. Lanrézac, he asserts, was a most learned strategist, not the man for a retreat, but one who would have been invaluable in an offensive. Yet he was *limogé* just before this offensive began. He was broken, in fact, for having been always right.

After the battle of the Marne the Marshal's work becomes less apologetic and contentious: and his account of the politico-military situation is often vivid. His description of the battle of Verdun (in spite of his bias against Pétain) will command a good deal of sympathy. But we should have appreciated rather further discussion of the Marshal's theory of "nibbling" which inflicted immense and apparently useless losses on the French Army. Finally we can all admire the suppleness with which Briand finally got rid of "Papa Joffre." The translation of this work has been undertaken by authors not completely conversant with French military terms; and there are other mistranslations of a more general order. These are, however, not very important. One is inclined to wonder only about the utility of translating such a very long book, at least half of which is taken up, either covertly or not, with contraverting other works which have not themselves been translated. Further, this book, which will be read mainly by people who do not read French, will appear as a supplement to the volume before mentioned of General Spears, and will serve to heighten the misrepresentation which has gathered round a highly intellectual and much traduced officer.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

RILKE'S STORIES OF GOD

Stories of God. By RAINER MARIA RILKE. With an Introduction by WILLIAM ROSE. Sidgwick and Jackson. 5s.

Rilke is beginning at last to find English translators. Two years ago the Hogarth Press published an excellent translation by Mr. John Linton of *The Notebook of Malte Laurids Brigge*: we are given now, from another publisher, an anonymous but capable version of the *Stories of God*. Is it too much to hope that one of these publishers will undertake an English edition of the Letters and the *Song of the Love and Death of the Cornet Cristoph Rilke?*

Rilke, who died in 1926, has been abominably neglected in England. His influence in Germany, where he was born, and in France, has been considerable. Such reputation as he has gained here rests on his prose works, of which the *Stories of God* (*Geschichten vom lieben Gott*) are exquisite examples. Rilke belongs in spirit to the last century, though his books have appeared in this: he is the poet of sympathy, exiled, like Andersen, by a nervous apprehension of people and the contacts of life in a large city. He lived for some years alone in Paris, speaking to no one, writing poems, and carrying on long, intimate correspondences with people whom he had never met but who drew his sympathy. Poetry and mysticism occupied his life (they meant much the same thing to him), and lonely nerves gave his belief at times a strange twist. For example, he believed that every man carried his death with him, like a flowering cancer, and he thought of dying as the final transfigured reality of man's life; a neighbour the other side of the wall would be kicking a tin tray about, obviously in difficulties, so he would "lend him his will." The stranger nervous side of his character is given, with great sensitiveness, in the *Notebook*. There, too, he is apt to return to events of his childhood which haunted him with almost legendary beauty. His *Stories of God*, fables ostensibly for children, are free from the nervous streak and have the true depth and calm of his full thought. Without affectation he has caught the simple beauty and humour of folk-tales to express his passion. The stories are difficult to quote from because they run into one another and need the setting of conversation, but here is a paragraph from the story called "Of one who listened to the stones," which begins with a friend saying to another, "And you have never told me anything about Italy yet":

> . . . God's glances must have been hovering like sombre wings over Italy. The country down there was bathed in light, the century itself shining like gold, but right across it, like a dark path, lay the shadow of a sturdy man, heavy and black, and far before it the shadow of his creating hands, restless, quivering, now over Pisa, now over Naples, now vanishing over the vague motion of the sea. God could not take his eyes from those hands, which at first seemed to him folded, like praying hands—but the prayer that welled up out of them forced them apart. A silence fell in the heavens. All the saints followed God's gaze, and, like him, watched the shadow that hid half Italy, and the hymns of the angels froze upon their lips, and the stars trembled, for they feared to have done wrong, and waited humbly

for God's angry word. But nothing of the kind happened. The heavens had opened in their whole breadth over Italy, so that Raphael was on his knees in Rome, while the blessed Fra Angelico of Fiesole stood on a cloud and rejoiced over him. At that hour many prayers were on their way from earth. But God recognised only one thing: the power of Michelangelo rose up to him like the perfume of vineyards. And he suffered it to fill his thoughts. He bent lower, found the striving man, looked beyond his shoulder at the hands that hovered listening about stone, and started: did the very stones have souls? Why was this man listening to the stones? And then the hands awoke before him, and tore at the stone as at a grave from which flickers a faint, dying voice. "Michelangelo," cried God in fear, "who is in that stone?" Michelangelo listened; his hands were trembling. "Thou, my God, who else? But I cannot reach thee." And then God knew that he was indeed in the stone, and he felt fearful and confined. The whole sky was but a stone, and he locked in its midst, hoping for the hands of Michelangelo to deliver him; and he heard them coming, but they were still far away.

Mr. William Rose in a brief introductory note on Rilke describes his philosophy as being "more than pantheism and containing something of a sublimated animism," which he attributes to a possible trace of Slav blood. Several of these stories certainly show a Russian influence, but the sensibility is always Rilke's. Powerful and exquisitely fashioned, they are unique in modern literature.

G. W. STONIER

THE LATER MR. PEPYS

Letters and the Second Diary of Samuel Pepys.
Edited by R. G. HOWARTH. Dent. 7s. 6d.

Although there is some exaggeration in Stevenson's assertion that Pepys was "known to his contemporaries in a halo of almost historical pomp, and to his remote descendants with an indecent familiarity like a tap-room comrade," it is certainly true that but for that "indiscretion of his youth," the diary of 1660–1669, he would seem an ordinary if not altogether dull dog. He would have gained a page in the D.N.B. as an efficient and honest civil servant, a scholar whose enthusiasm more than any profound learning gained him the Presidency of the Royal Society, a friend of many scholars and litterateurs, and a discriminating collector. In short, we should have known him only as the "very worthy, industrious and curious person" whom Evelyn knew.

Mr. Howarth's selection of letters gives an admirable picture of the diarist as he appeared to his contemporaries. The selection comprises the best of a vast mass of Pepysian correspondence, much of which is still unprinted, but it nevertheless yields in delight to all but the poorest entries in the diary. Most of the letters are dull, couched in a ponderous or finicking style; but others are readable enough: those between Pepys and his fellow virtuosi have a pleasant antiquarian flavour, and elsewhere, as in the letters to and from James Houblon, there is humour, shrewdness and kindliness. Occasionally (but, alas, how seldom!) one may strike a passage in the diary manner, as when he describes a riot of the apprentices:

> And when Collonel Huson came in the head of his Regiment they shouted all along a Cobler a Cobler; in some places the apprentices would gett a football (it being a hard frost) and drive it among the souldiers on purpose, and they either darst not (or prudently would not) interrupt them; in fine, many souldiers were hurt with stones, and one I see was very neere having his braines knockt out with a brick batt flung from the top of a house at him.

Or a charming whimsy as, when sending his portrait to James Houblon, he also sent bribes to the family that they might say on passing the picture:

> As thus:—"Was Mr. Pepys in these clothes, father, when you used to go to the Tower to him?" Or thus:—"Lord, cousin, how hath this business of Scott altered my poor cousin Pepys since this was done!" Or thus:—"What would I give for a plot, Jemmy, to get you laid by the heels, that I might see what this Mr. Pepys would do for you."

But there is nothing of the self-revelation and little of the vitality and humour of the early diary. Instead of the philanderer, the indefatigable gossip and sightseer, we are shown the friend of Evelyn, Wanley and Dr. Charlett; the virtuoso and collector of ballads and books, who was more interested in the *lapis fungifer* or stone that produces "mushromes" than the latest Court scandal. His curiosity survived, but it was turned upon objects less interesting to us.

This section of Mr. Howarth's book is well done. The letters are judiciously selected and edited with care and sound scholarship: they should appeal to all general readers interested in the later Pepys.

The second part, however, the reprint of the Rev. John Smith's transcription of the Tangier Diary, is a first-class blunder.

In 1683 Pepys accompanied Lord Dartmouth upon the expedition for the reduction of Tangier, and during the expedition kept many notes in shorthand, a few in the form of a diary and others as lengthy "Notes Generall" or "Minutes Generall" relating to the progress of the undertaking. From these, Smith compiled the Tangier Diary. Now there is not a single edition of Pepys' diaries which is not extremely corrupt, but Smith's edition (1841) of the Tangier Diary is not only the most corrupt of them all, but must have strong claims to be reckoned the world's worst text. Huge gobbets of the notes are omitted, others are put under wrong dates, and the order of words, phrases and sentences is consistently changed. To judge from the pages the present reviewer has compared with the original shorthand, there is scarcely a single line that has not some insertion, omission or alteration. The same corruption marks those letters which Smith transcribed, and some of which Mr. Howarth reprints.

In this style of editing Smith seems to have taken a leaf out of Lord Braybrooke's book. So, too, in bowdlerising. Braybrooke defended his omission of many passages "of so indelicate a character that no one with a well-regulated mind will regret their loss"; and there can rarely have been a more well-regulated mind than John Smith's: not only are moral delinquencies among the seamen rigorously shunned, even references to seasickness are omitted.

The following passages will give some idea of the corruption in the text. On Monday, 27th August, the shorthand reads:

> The wind still fresh but against us so as we made very little way. Up and to my lord by agreement for him to take my notes from me in his own hand but the motion of the ship was such that I could do nothing there. So up upon the ¼ deck and there walking all the morning the sea running very high. My stomach so ill I could not go down to dinner but in my cabin talking with Dr. Tr. all the afternoon. In the evening till midnight on the ¼ deck seeing the seamen dance to the harp and song. Late talking with my lord. Then to bed.

For which Smith substitutes:

> Wind fresh, but against us, so we made little way. To my Lord, by agreement, to take from me in his own hand my notes; but, from the motion of the ship, I could do nothing. So, on the quarter-deck, all the morning, the sea running high. Afternoon, in my cabin talking with Dr. Trumbull. Till midnight, on the quarter-deck, seeing the seamen dance to the harp and song. With my Lord late, talking.

The Tangier Diary has little interest for anybody but historians and biographers: and they will have little reason to thank Mr. Howarth, who does not seem to have attempted to check Smith's

A
25 years'
Reputation
SHELL
has grown up
with British
motoring

text. The literary merits of the diary are negligible. Some few genuine diary entries give observations that one might expect from any dull traveller, but the chief impression given by Smith's text, stuffed out with " Minutes Generall " and " Notes Generall," is of an official's report book, valuable to those interested in the mining of Tangier mole or the misdoings of naval officials, but a profound disappointment to anyone anticipating a continuation of the masterpiece of 1660–1669. W. MATTHEWS

CHOPIN AS HE WAS

Chopin's Letters. Collected by HENRYK OPIENSKI, translated from the Polish and French with preface and notes by E. Z. VOYNICH. Harmsworth. 18s. 6d.

The character of Chopin is not a simple one, and for those who are capable of perceiving the refinements and subtleties of his thought, this collection of letters will be extremely interesting, because Chopin does reveal much of his personality in his correspondence, and the translation from the Polish and the French has been very well done as far as we can judge without being familiar with the originals.

This collection covers the period from 1816, when he was only six years old, to his death at the age of 39 in 1849. From the beginning to the end the habitual tone of his letters was of a gay, chaffing vivacity that showed an extreme self-awareness and sensitiveness. Chopin, as one would expect from a creative artist of his genius, was extraordinarily perceptive of himself and other people. He saw through the pretensions, masks, façades, and attitudes of the people with whom he came in contact with astonishing quickness and certainty. This might not be so surprising if it had been confined to musicians and to music, but his soundness of judgment and quickness of insight were equally exceptional in general matters. In reading through these letters we are struck, finally, by the complete lack of any affectation or pose. In spite of the various disasters of his personal life, the thwarted marriage with Maria Wodziaski, the unhappy rupture with George Sand after nine years of intimacy, and his delicate health, Chopin never indulges in self-pity, in lamentations or complaints, nor does he ever dramatise himself or try to impose on those to whom he writes. He is invariably direct, lively, witty, critical and affectionate. It is quite clear that he detested humbug and all exaggeration and inflation, and he preserves in his way of living, in his social manners and in his friendships, that blend of refinement, vivacity and intensity which gives to his compositions their unique style.

It is extremely difficult to quote from these letters, because a short extract gives little idea of their cumulative effect. His early letters are full of fun; for example, here is the beginning of a letter to his boy friend, Jan Matuszynski, written at Warsaw in June, 1826, when Chopin was sixteen years old:

> Don't expect to find this letter the usual name-day compliments: all those showy feelings, exclamations, apostrophies, pathetic bits and similar rubbish, nonsense, stuff and piffle. They are good enough for heads that can find trivial phrases in the absence of friendship; but when people have a tie of eleven years of friendship, when they have counted the months together 132 times, have begun 468 weeks, 3,960 days, 95,040 hours, 5,702,400 minutes, 342,144,000 seconds together, they don't need reminders, or complimentary letters because they'll never write what they want to write.
>
> Starting therefore, *ad rem*, I begin with the matter in hand, and first I want to get out the thing I can't digest; which is that your nobility has not written to me for several months. Why ? What for *Cur ?* Warum ? Pourquoi ? It *annoys* me very much, and if I don't see an improvement there'll be trouble. That I can't write very often counts for nothing; . . .

It is characteristic of Chopin to ask for letters and to explain that he can't write; but his own letters are frequently of fair length, and this following brief note from Palma in 1838 to his friend Grzymala in Paris is exceptional:

> My dear, send to Fontana the letter for my Parents. I cough and grunt, but I love you. We often speak of you. No letter from you as yet. This is a diabolical country, so far as post, people and comfort are concerned. The sky is as beautiful as your soul; the earth as black as my heart I love you always.

His letters from Vienna in 1830 and 1831 and his letters from Paris in 1831, after his arrival there at the age of twenty-one, are full of interesting observations of the social and musical life of the time.

Chopin was extraordinarily mature both as a man and as artist at the age of twenty-one. He says in a letter from Paris in 1832, speaking of the name he has made there in a year:

> the pupils of the Conservatoire, Moscheles's pupils, those of Herz and Kalkbrenner—in a word, finished artists take lessons from me and couple my name with Field. In short, if I were still stupider than I am, I should think myself at the apex of my career; yet I know how much I still lack . . .

For us some of the most interesting letters are those written from London and from Scotland in 1848. He stays at various Scottish country mansions and expresses his appreciation of the kindness and courtesy of his various hosts and of his friends, including the two Miss Stirlings, but they nearly all bore him to extinction:

> If I were in a good humour I would describe to you one Scottish lady, a 13th cousin of Mary Stuart. (Her husband who bears a different name from his wife really told me that.) Here it's nothing but cousins of great families and great names, that no one on the continent has ever heard of. Conversation is always entirely genealogical, like the Gospels; who begat whom, and he begat, and he begat, and he begat, and so on for two pages until you come to Jesus.

Within a year of writing these vivacious letters from Scotland Chopin was dead.

Sensitive and courteous to the last, he died as he had always lived, a man who suffered and understood as only the few can do.

WAGES AND LAISSER FAIRE

The Theory of Wages. By J. R. HICKS, Lecturer in Economics, London School of Economics. Macmillan. 8s. 6d.

It is perhaps not surprising that professional economists in these difficult days should hunger after a return to the simpler conditions which their predecessors were called upon to analyse and to describe, or that they should take a gloomy pleasure in protesting that, while political and collective interferences may overlay and distort the working of the familiar economic laws of the classical text-books, these laws continue obdurately to influence the movements of events even under the conditions of the modern world. There has indeed been a marked tendency, most notable in Austria, and finding its way into this country mainly *via* the

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London School of Economics, to insist that the changes in economic structure and the increases in political interference with the economic system do not at all prevent the classical laws from operating—though they cause them to operate in different ways. Mr. Hicks, in this volume on the Theory of Wages, takes an uncompromisingly orthodox Austrian standpoint.

He sets out from the theory that wages represent the marginal productivity of labour as one of the factors of production, and, as with the other Austrian writers, the term productivity as he employs it means productivity in money return and not physical productivity in terms of goods or services. Working on this theory, Mr. Hicks restates the familiar thesis that the higher wages are under any given set of conditions the smaller will be the number of workers employed, and he holds that the maintenance of wages by Trade Union action, aided by Unemployment Insurance and other forms of State interference, is a principal reason for the widespread existence of unemployment at the present time, and accordingly favours wage reductions designed to bring the incomes of the wage-earners to a point consistent with a larger volume of employment on terms profitable to the employer. He stresses, moreover, the point that under modern conditions of technological development the raising of wages exercises an increasing effect in the displacement of labour, because it stimulates the mechanisation of industry and the substitution of capital for labour as a factor of production on an ever-increasing scale, and so doubly contracts the volume of employment as wages rise. In all this analysis Mr. Hicks, in common with the rest of his school, sets out from the assumption that the demand for labour can be considered separately from the demand for ultimate products. It is, of course, obvious that, if conditions of demand are assumed to remain unaltered, a lower wage level will under any given conditions cause increased employment; but the question which Mr. Hicks does not squarely face is whether any theory worked out on this unreal assumption about demand can be taken as valid under a system which makes industry the means of distributing incomes as well as of producing goods. Mr. Hicks, like the Austrians, favours a highly abstract method of approach, beginning with an artificially simplified situation which he admits bears little resemblance to reality, and then gradually introducing the complications one after another in the endeavour to approach an objective study of the actual business world.

This method has something to recommend it from the pedagogical point of view, but, above all, in the theory of wages it is apt to lead to a very unreal presentation of the problem, because it is in practice impossible to escape from the initial unreality of the abstraction of the demand for labour from the demand for goods by introducing this connection at a later stage after the general framework of the doctrine has been built up without regard to it. Mr. Hicks's study includes many acute observations on the working of the post-war business system, but in its general theoretical framework it adds little to what has been put forward by earlier writers of the same school, and it also suffers from that tendency to pontificate which is so marked a characteristic of the revivalists of *laisser faire*.

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MR. GUEDALLA'S TANGO

Argentine Tango. By PHILIP GUEDALLA. Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 6d.

The author of this book is notoriously expert in the art of removing the gilt from the historical gingerbread and demonstrating with the impertinence of a conjuror that there was never any gingerbread underneath at all: history is emphatically and epigrammatically gilt and surface. When, however, he went to lecture and conduct a University mission in South America he was in the embarrassing position of the incurably witty gentleman who must curb his tongue in the national interests and in deference to his hosts. There was the added difficulty that it is hard to be successfully ironical at the expense of geography. One cannot treat the Andes as if they were a long series of the Duke of Wellington's expletives. The Amazon is majestically impervious both to the purple patch and satire. The pampas go on and on long after the speaker has exhausted himself. Rio and Buenos Aires—they may be comic opera or Mr. Constant Lambert's ballet, but courtesy restrains. The whole object of the Mission, following upon a trade exhibition and the visit of the Prince of Wales, could be ruined by a phrase; though, for that matter, Ottawa has doubtless already done what Mr. Guedalla would have been far too polite to do.

There was no other way out of it: Mr. Guedalla had to be exceedingly charming, reserving his wit for his party and his predecessors and slipping in little bits of information on the sly. Thus we hear the Amazon described as Mr. Tomlinson's adjectival tideway; Mr. Cunninghame Graham's South America becomes "an immense circus where Conquistadores, invariably well connected, perform feats of doubtful equitation"; W. H. Hudson's is a "vast bird sanctuary"; while the shores of the sub-continent are "enigmatic, washed by the waters of Nostromo, where the Isabels are mirrored in the tideless sea of Mr. Conrad's prose." The impression we gather from contemporary writers is a mixed one of "white teeth, dark skins, the sudden shot, the point of honour, and a complicated libretto of operatic politics diversified by tropical diseases and exciting lepidoptera."

By the same method Mr. Guedalla's South America might be described as a vast official reception in which the unutterable sensibilities of distinguished foreign visitors are rehabilitated in an atmosphere of post-prandial sumptuousness. The method is not, however, entirely summary and destructive. Applied to the more grotesque side of French cultural propaganda, it reminds us that if distinguished French visitors may apostrophise "l'union intellectuelle des enfants de Molière et des héritiers de Cervantes," and may solemnly suppose they are flattering Buenos Aires by comparing it to Marseilles, we might equally mention the advantages of Liverpool and dwell, for example, on the fact that a Spanish King was once King of England—without mentioning the disastrous consequences. We are, of course, not quite so parochial. We have never been deluded by those naive misnomers, Latin or Pan America. Still it does seem a pity that the Library of the Faculty of Medicine at Buenos Aires should have issued in one year some thirteen thousand French books and only fifty-three English. We may derive what comfort we can from the picture of Mr. Guedalla lying in his private bath on one of the luxury trains of the continent, maintained by the British investor. For the rest Mr. Guedalla is amusing at the expense of the Monroe Doctrine and the habits of motor cars in the side streets of Buenos Aires, the mysteries of foreign welcome, the symbolism of the spittoon. There is some pretty incidental landscape and he does manage to convey by implication a good and entertaining impression of the country.

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INDIA

India in Transition. By D. GRAHAM POLE. Hogarth Press. 8s. 6d.

The Indian Chaos. By F. W. WILSON. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.

Indian Problems. Speeches by LORD IRWIN. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

Here are two more books about post-war India, both far above the average in interest and in their knowledge of recent events. Major Graham Pole's work is difficult to review, because he has chosen to write it in the form of a text-book, intended presumably for those with no experience of the East. It contains a useful summary of political events since the war, and so much general information that the author's very decided views upon certain subjects seem a little incongruous when they are allowed to appear. A text-book calls for a certain balancing of views, especially when describing such events as the Rowlatt Bill agitation, which had little connection with the Act, either as proposed or as passed, and was the subject of considerable differences of opinion even amongst Indian nationalists. The final chapters deal with agriculture and industry, and are based on the Reports of the two Royal Commissions which have reported recently. The author is happier when dealing with political and industrial affairs than with the land, and in another edition he should re-write his short note on irrigation, which would be misleading to anyone who did not know India. It is quite impossible to describe the position without differentiating "flow" and "lift" irrigation, and it would be better to give the figures for State and private enterprises. These are, however, minor points in a work which is generally sound and accurate.

Mr. Wilson's book has nothing of the text-book about it, but is a very readable and almost racy account of modern Indian politics from the standpoint of one who believes in the constructive ideas of Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru. This may, perhaps, have prejudiced the reviewer in its favour. Certainly he found himself reading with agreement Mr. Wilson's account of the later phases of Gandhi-ism, and Congress activities. It is unfortunately only too easy to guy any popular movement, especially in the East, but there are fundamental inconsistencies in the Congress methods and doctrine which are very trying to the foreigner who may agree with the general nationalist policy. It is not edifying to find Ahmedabad mill-owners financing, through Congress, an anti-landlord campaign in the United Provinces, when they house their own workmen under conditions as bad as anywhere in the world. Mr. Wilson is interesting and well-informed about the genesis of Civil Disobedience. He shows that most of the advanced nationalists disliked the method, believed it cowardly, but thought it would be effective in arousing foreign sympathy. He quotes a remark of Mr. Vithalbai Patel on the Bombay police charges, which, incidentally, Mr. Wilson describes in a way which will please neither British nor the Congress, but is probably fair. "All this is, at present, in the nature of a domestic struggle. It is a case of husband and wife quarrelling, and the wife running screaming into the street. Sooner or later the neighbours will begin to complain and interfere on the side of the wife." Mr. Gandhi, on the other hand, cannot see that such methods are only possible against a foreign government.

> Sapru was urging him to leave the question of Prohibition to the future, when the Indian possessed the right of making his own laws. And even then, when you have got your own government what are you going to do if it does not accept Prohibition? "I shall declare Civil Disobedience against them," declared the incorrigible saint.

There are times when one must feel great sympathy with those few realists in Indian politics who not only want India to be self-governing but have also counted the cost and know the risks.

The speeches of Lord Irwin were well worth collecting and reprinting, for although vice-regal and gubernatorial oratory in India is too often of a formal and ceremonial nature, there is a definite policy and outlook on life which can be traced throughout everything that Lord Irwin said. The most interesting speeches are those which he made to the mixed Indian and European clubs at Calcutta and Delhi. In these he was able to get away from the struggle with the Congress and the Civil Disobedience Movement, and deal with Indian nationalism on broader lines. His two addresses to the Delhi and Benares Universities also show that India had for once a scholar and educationist at the head of affairs. It was one of the many tragedies of these latter years that India has not been in a mood to take advantage of the much saner outlook on education which is now common in England. One of the paradoxes of Indian nationalism is that the more extreme it is the more it clings to the exaggerated occidentalism of the pre-Mutiny era.

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ANN GOODMAN'S BOOK

Country Dance. By MARGIAD EVANS. Illustrations by PEGGY WHISTLER. Barker. 7s. 6d.

Ann Goodman, daughter of an English shepherd and his Welsh wife, was dairymaid at Twelve Poplars, her mother's birthplace in the Welsh mountains. She left there in 1850 to help her ailing mother at Evan ap Evans' farm on the Welsh border. And because Gabriel Ford, the English shepherd at Twelve Poplars, was her jealous sweetheart, she took a little book with her, to write down for him what happened. Evans was her master, a hard, close, turbulent, powerful man who liked spirit in a girl. When Ann said she hated him, he let her go and waited. And when Gabriel visited her, and Evans, passing them in the land, threw her a light word, he read in her book about that Welshman and rode cursing away. But it was not over between them, because a little later Ann took her mother to Twelve Poplars to bury her, and stayed there; and then, with Gabriel near on the mountain and Evans unforgotten away on the border, it began all over again. But now it was the pain and danger of love; fear for Ann as she lay in Gabriel's arms and looked at his face; hatred when Evans came for sheep dog trials and the two men fought over her in the cow shed. "I wish one of us three were dead"—it is Ann's only passionate outcry. But at the end of summer Ann went back to the border farm where her father had taken to the bottle, and Gabriel suddenly left his situation. Still she did not know what she wanted, until on an autumn afternoon she watched Evans ploughing, and when he had finished he came and took her, and then she knew. "We shall be married before the trees are bare, for there is no need of waiting. It seems like some peace at last," is the last entry in Ann's book. But there was no peace. The rest is police court news. Before the trees were bare Ann was found with her bloody head in a stream, Evans, though innocent, was hounded from his lands, and Gabriel was never seen again.

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All this is told in less than a hundred pages of the barest statement. Perhaps there seems to be more here than there really is, because to come upon this book after swimming in the vast explanatory ocean of contemporary fiction is like taking a clean, shocking leap into the sweet cold of a pool fed by a stream from the mountains. Here is neither quaintness nor lechery, neither introspection nor extenuation. It is the sparse, strong music of a country dance set to two immemorial tunes. There is the dance of Welsh country days, with its pattern of sunlight, storm and snow, its bicker of church and chapel, its merriment and parsimony, the heavy labour of its harvest. And threading this is that other passionate maze in which Ann, urged on by the unsteady rhythm of her mixed blood, was tossed and broken between her two lovers.

Ann's book fell into Miss Margiad Evans's hands when her name had all but faded from the violence of an old country legend. How much this work is a collaboration between raw experience and literary art is hard to say, for Miss Evans's work, whatever its extent, is done with great discretion. A purely invented story would have neither the inconsequence of detail nor the unconscious economy of statement of many of Ann's entries. On the other hand, although Ann has so little to say, every word tells, and this exquisite accuracy of aim is unlikely in a peasant girl writing eighty years ago. The question is, however, unimportant. Whether this is a genuine antique or not, it has the pure outline of tragedy.

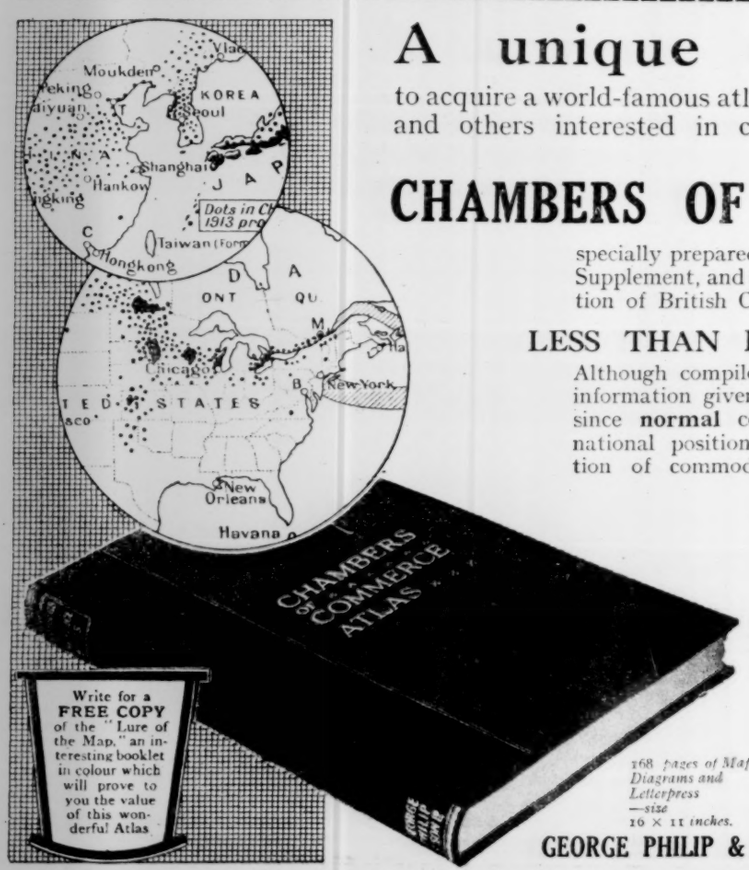
MORE ABOUT HITCHIN

Hitchin Worthies. By REGINALD HINE. Allen and Unwin. 16s.

It is praise enough of this book to say that it is a worthy pendant to the *History of Hitchin*. Alike in content and format it is what we have learnt to expect from its author and publishers. The illustrations are admirably chosen. Mr. Hine has the diligence of Thomas Hearne, and a style that could make algebra attractive. But his themes are so interesting that we should be captivated were the style as arid and crabbed as that of an affidavit. The very first paper, on Ralph Radcliffe, is a notable addition to our literary knowledge. Mr. Hine has unearthed, in the library of Lord Harlech, Radcliffe's Morality plays, written about 1550, and describes them for us. May we hope that shortly he will publish the full text, "with notes and preface, all that most attracts the pious purchaser"? Hitchin is not highly renowned for its poets. Even John Collop, author of *Poesie Revived*, has not achieved the fame he deserves, and has not yet been made the subject of a thesis for a doctorate. But George Chapman *has* gained glory. On him Mr. Hine gives us a chapter, from which possibly Professor Parrott himself might learn something he did not know before.

Still more remarkable is the chapter on William Bromfield, Quaker and spy, devotee of James II, yet determined Protestant. Here we read how this lover of peace at any price gave James counsel which might have won the Battle of the Boyne, and how the hater of bloodshed became a leader in the Assassination Plot of 1696. Macaulay's account of that plot is a masterpiece of narrative. Had he read Mr. Hine's chapter it would have been even more enthralling than it is.

Amid the rest it is hard to choose. We have Bessemer, Hack Tuke, Frederic Seebohm, and the painter, Lucas, types of high ability of various kinds; Bishops, Quakers, highwaymen, schoolmistresses, lawyers. But probably the most delightful characters of all are the "eccentrics." "Hermit" Lucas, whom Dickens visited in 1861 and described—somewhat venomously—as "Mr. Mopes"; the twin poachers, Ebenezer and Albert Fox; and, above all, the Rev. John Alington, who was propelled to church on a hobby-horse of his own invention, and "would ride up the middle of the hall, cheering wildly as he rebounded from the wall at one end or the screen at the other. If he fell off he would roar with laughter!" Then he would trundle it among the people, holding out a jar of snuff, which he would offer to those "whose noses God Almighty had turned up in the right way." Then, with a leopard skin for a cassock, he would mount the pulpit, read a love song for first lesson and a short story for second, and preach a sermon loaded with Balliol erudition and with quotations from the Fathers or from Church divines. The "service," which was always crowded, closed with a dance not unlike a Bacchic revel or a corroboree.



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SHORTER NOTICES

Go Spy the Land. By CAPTAIN GEORGE A. HILL, D.S.O. Cassell. 8s. 6d.

This is a book crammed full of adventures, excitement and amusement. Captain Hill began his career in a Canadian infantry regiment, and saw some fighting in France; but his real work was done as "I.K.8 of the British Secret Service," first in the Balkans, and later in Russia. In the earlier stages of the Revolution he was on pretty good terms with Trotsky and others of the Bolshevik leaders, and, indeed, supported them, openly as well as privately, in any action or policy which could make against the Germans. Some of his best adventures (and particularly the smuggling of the Rumanian crown jewels from Moscow to Jassy) belong to this period. But after the fatuous Allied landing at Archangel and the beginning of the Terror, he had to "go underground," and we get all the thrills of the disguises, chases, and hairbreadth escapes of the master-spy and his devoted band of assistants. The book also contains a great deal of illuminating comment on men and affairs; Captain Hill is a shrewd critic, and free from the egotism and prejudice that so commonly spoil memoirs of this sort.

The A B C of Chemistry. By J. G. CROWTHER. Kegan Paul. 4s. 6d.

Mr. Crowther has a proper appreciation of the relation of science to life. His little book is concerned primarily with practice. Chemical theory is relegated to a brief, simple and up-to-date exposition in the last forty pages. The A B C is an introduction and an incitement to the study of chemistry quite unlike an elementary text-book of the academic kind. It is much livelier than a text-book can usually afford to be. The bulk of it consists of entertaining facts about familiar things, from a chemist's point of view, in a loosely logical string of chapters. Little appropriate bits of history and a choice collection of facts and figures about modern technological processes adorn the tale, so that chemistry comes out of it all as the simplest and most charming of scientific studies, which is a very good thing and may even be true. Since each of his subjects is of general interest and there is no pretence of completeness in its treatment, Mr. Crowther leaves the studious reader eager for more knowledge of chemistry and gives the idle one that gentle intellectual stimulation for which it must be confessed so many of us take pleasure in reading books.

Son of the Morning. A portrait of FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE. By EDWARD J. O'BRIEN. Cape. 10s. 6d.

Son of the Morning is stimulating and ingenious; yet fails as "a portrait of Friedrich Nietzsche," because it is not possible to believe that the man here presented is the author of Nietzsche's books. It is a puny man whom Mr. O'Brien creates, a man who is too easily explained in terms of psychological compensations and the frustration of his love-life. Everything that Mr. O'Brien says may be true of Nietzsche, and of the secret motives for his thought; but a great deal else must be true also, or the thought would be as easy as the explanation.

> I suggest that Friedrich Nietzsche, before he was six years old, had a fit in the night when he left Röcken for Naumburg, that he saw his father's tomb with the moon above the flat roof and a spider weaving his labyrinth over the wall, that the moon laughed on that tomb while the dog who killed his father howled at the moon, and that this fit was repeated at intervals throughout Nietzsche's life when moonlight and a dog's howling acted upon him with the necessary force of suggestion.

So detailed a fantasy as this can only be forgiven, in a biography, if it seizes the mind as the one clear and necessary explanation.

The Romance of Lloyd's. By FRANK WORSLEY and GLYN GRIFFITH. Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.

The tendency to sentimentalise commercial history often betrays its followers into silliness; but Commander Worsley and Captain Griffith would find it easy to justify their title. There really is something to stir the imagination in the story of how a City Coffee House became the favourite haunt of a number of men interested in the insurance of ships and cargoes; of how these men banded themselves together to secure better facilities for the conduct of their business; and of how there has grown up, from these small beginnings, an institution exercising world-wide influence. The story has already been told in *A History of Lloyd's*, of which, and of Mr. Warren Dawson's still more recent researches into the origins of Lloyd's Coffee House, the authors have made use; they have, however, padded out their book with a good deal of doubtfully relevant detail. We are given a sketchy history of London from the days of "mammoths and woolly rhinos" to the seventeenth century, and a still more sketchy, not always accurate, history of the growth of commerce. Ships were sometimes captured by pirates; so we have an excursus on Blackbeard, Anne Bonny, and Captain Kidd. In the chapters actually devoted to Lloyd's, the authors stick pretty close to the authorities, and it is possible to obtain from them a reasonably accurate picture both of what Lloyd's is to-day and of how it came to be what it is. The arrangement, however, is unfortunate. It begins with "Lloyd's To-day," and covers the past, and sometimes the present, under a series of subject-headings, such as "Lloyd's and the Master Mariner," "Famous Men of Lloyd's," "Lloyd's in Wartime," and so on. This is confusing in itself, and what is worse, it destroys, to a great extent, the sense of slow, continuous development.

A Yellow Admiral Remembers. By VICE-ADMIRAL HUMPHREY HUGH SMITH, D.S.O. Arnold. 12s. 6d.

Admiral Smith—the Yellow stands for the eighteenth century epithet applied to an Admiral placed on the Retired List without ever hoisting his flag—passed into the *Britannia* in June, 1889, and was retired in July, 1926. After nearly forty years' active service afloat and ashore, mostly afloat, he declares that his only grievance against the profession is that he was not allowed to remain in it after the age of fifty, and that he was condemned to a pension and an idle existence just as he had exhausted all the vices of life and had arrived at the conclusion that the only amusement left to him was work. Probably this most entertaining and, incidentally, instructive book must be counted as work, and, if it was half as amusing to write as it is to read, as amusement to boot. For the Admiral writes racily of his ships and his shipmates, and of the Admiralty, which, he declares, "is very human and very naval, and these qualities are very similar."

Shadow-Show. By RICHARD INCE. Partridge. 7s. 6d.

It would be stupid to complain that an autobiography is egotistic, but the best autobiographies are not so egocentric as Mr. Ince's. Greater talent than this is needed to justify quite so persistent an introspection, physical and mental, as is shown in *Shadow-Show*. Yet the rule remains sound that anyone who can express himself as well as Mr. Ince, and has so passionate an interest in his bodily and spiritual ailments, cannot fail to hold a sympathetic reader's interest. It is an appealing, if rather self-pitying, figure that is displayed here, typically English in the excessive gravity with which growing-pains are regarded, typically English in Mr. Ince's recourse to quack remedies for the soul and the body. The most objective parts of his book are those describing Mr. Ince's work as a parson, and the last pages in which he visits Mr. Meredith Starr. Even in these, however, he shows little gift for genuine observation of other people's characters.

Youth Looks at the World. By BASIL A. FLETCHER. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Fletcher enjoyed a year's travel round the world with an Albert Kahn Travelling Fellowship, and as he is deeply interested in existing political and economic conditions in Europe, Asia and America, and particularly with educational problems and their solutions; and as he seems to have a Pentecostal gift of tongues—one seldom hears of an interpreter—he has much to tell us that is rarely told to or by travellers. It is a pity that Russia was barred to him, for, as he somewhat naively puts it, he has "still to rely on the strange and conflicting tales of others." In the lounge of his hotel in Geneva Mr. Fletcher enjoyed a discussion on nationality *vis-à-vis* a Pan-Europe in which many nationalities were represented. In Germany he visited the Schule Schloss Salem, and he gives us an excellent description of the method of education adopted there. He talked with Communists in Italy, and visited the new Socialist schools in Vienna. He describes the chaotic conditions in Central Europe, and the relations of Jew and Arab in Palestine. Then he passed through the desert to Iraq and on to India, the Dutch East Indies, China, Japan, and so on via America home. Mr. Fletcher's Asian notes are among the best in a book which as a whole is a stimulating and unusual work. It is agreeably illustrated.

About Motoring

A MOTORING LETTER

MY DEAR JOHN,—I think you are a little harsh on that young constable. As I understand the affair, you were driving slowly up a narrow street taking your family to the cinema when he put up his hand from the pavement. There being no traffic emergency, you were a trifle puzzled, but when he waved you in towards the kerb you jumped to the conclusion that he disliked your being so far out on the road centre, and after pulling in a yard or two you proceeded. The next incident was that a large saloon overtook you with a flushed and excited policeman on the running board, and that in rather a hectoring manner he ordered you to stop instantly, and humiliated you by ticking you off soundly in front of the usual crowd. You now daily expect a summons for ignoring his signal. Of course you were in the wrong. It is always prudent to treat police signals with enormous deference, and during the first week in January one should be prepared for a licence hold-up, even if a narrow and very busy street is a silly place to select for such purposes. But since you esteem yourself something of a psychologist, you might show more fellow-feeling for this young constable. You say his mother's milk was hardly dry on his lips. Well, every policeman feels rather like Esau—every man's hand is against him. His superiors treat him as mud. In some areas a British crowd will stand by and enjoy watching him being hammered by a gang of toughs. The juvenile policeman, possibly on his first lone beat, is naturally very frightened, and it was sheer fear which inspired

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For the many smokers to whom the cigarette has become *merely a habit*, this letter from a Liverpool "graduate from the cigarette" may well mean a new conception of the joys of smoking.

(The original letter can be verified by inspection)

*"As a graduate from the cigarette I have experienced "considerable difficulty in persuading myself that pipe "smoking was so satisfying and so much better, and was in "**danger** many times of—shall we say—backsliding into "former habits.*
*"About the time I had burdened myself with a dozen or so "packets of different brands of tobacco, most of which I "found unsmokable. Parsons Pleasure was recommended "to me . . . . the name certainly appeared inviting and "promising, so I decided to investigate. **A little "perseverance soon showed me the goodness of "Parsons Pleasure, and needless to say revolution-"ised my previous notions.***
"I have now graduated from P.P. to 'Barneys,' but am "glad to say find the same measure of enjoyment and cool "smoking in the latter as the former."

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Some who start with Parsons Pleasure gain continual contentment from it. Others, like this correspondent, develop naturally to Barneys itself, which, being *medium*, suits most smokers.

For those who need strength *and body* there is Punchbowle, which is Barneys *full* strength—strong, cool, and *utterly* satisfying, much favoured by outdoor men. **Home Price for all 3 strengths: 1 oz. 1/2.**

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him to browbeat you. A man of your tact and experience ought to have handled him better. Some such gambit as "I'm very sorry, sergeant, but I completely misunderstood your orders," would probably have provoked a very human grin from him. The last time a policeman evinced an intention to bite me I stopped instanter, and asked him if the winner of the 3.30 had come through yet: we were great pals inside a millionth of a second.

Your remarks about Malcolm Campbell amuse me. I don't suppose for a moment that there is any money in this Daytona business, even if he emerges alive from his five miles a minute dash, and smashes the record. Not, at any rate, direct money; though the enhanced reputation can be converted into cash in a myriad ways by a shrewd business man. But the notoriety complex grows on its victims, like the power complex and all other complexes. It is not too difficult to get on the front page, but it is quite difficult to keep there. Amy, or some other fame-hunter, comes along and pushes you off; and you simply hate being pushed off for good. The real art in all these record-breaking stunts is not to do too much. Be very careful not to pulverise the record, but just pare a small slice off the last figure. Then somebody comes along, and tries to pare off another thin slice. That puts *you* back on the front page, for all the stunt press trumpets abroad the fact that Jones is having a shot on your record. Jones holds the page for several weeks, during which the news contains frequent references to you. Finally Jones succeeds or fails, and you, as the vanquished champion, are almost as good news as Jones. Six months or a year later you notice that your personal stock is weakening a little on the market, and you inspire a string of hints that you are going to do something about it. Eventually you start once more, and either succeed or fail. So it goes on, until at last you are established as a genuine national figure, and can afford to survey younger aspirants with a mellow tolerance. I am sure you are wrong in supposing that any waste of money is involved. The expense is necessarily enormous. But in many such stunts the bulk of the cost is put up by oil and tyre and petrol firms, who debit it against their advertising allotments. If they did not spend it on record-breaking it would be consumed in buying advertising space in newspapers or on hoardings, where it could produce nothing but sales; whereas a speed record or a sensational flight usually adds something to human knowledge. Whether such records assist the sales of British commodities is uncertain. Nobody can point to any direct results in that sense; but if Czecho-Slovakia suddenly blossomed forth and robbed Great Britain of all our speed records, even you would feel a little humiliated, wouldn't you? These stunts may effect very little of a practical nature; but if their cost were devoted to any other likely effort it would effect even less.

Those new Triumph cylinders are even more interesting than you admit. Every year thousands—possibly millions—of motorists sell cars which are only about a year old, and are still perfectly roadworthy, except that they have become rather noisy. The craze for higher performance has produced small engines capable of very high revolutions, and the stresses on the pistons and cylinders are terrific. The inevitable consequence is wear; and wear implies noise. It is true that in return for quite a small expenditure we can have the cylinder block re-bored, and fitted with a fresh set of oversize pistons. This usually entails driving the car to a possibly distant factory; returning home by rail; and fetching the car back a fortnight later. Even at this many sound judges say that a car is never quite the same again. If half the claims made for the Triumph metallurgists are sound, we shall presently be offered cars with remarkably durable wearing parts. Cynics say we shall still sell our cars at the end of the first year, because our frequent changes are not so much inspired by a hatred of noise as by a loathing for owning and driving something which is out of date, if only by twelve months. This is true of many of us, if not of earnest, economically minded fellows like you and me. The point cannot be tested until all the world is endowed with non-wearing engines. When that happy era dawns I suspect two-thirds of us will continue to buy new cars as often as our bankers will frank the purchase, and the rest of us will ooze a loathsome superiority, knowing that we are pragmatists of more than average calibre. Anyhow, it is very fortunate that the new metal has been evolved by a factory famous for its baby cars, as the bulk of baby car owners are far too broke to change cars annually. This, of course, is the only reason why they buy baby cars, since they all yearn for something with a bonnet two leagues in length.—Yours ever,

R. E. DAVIDSON

Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

No. 3.*—THE STENTORIAN LEAGUE

Six teams competed in the Stentorian League (Association Football). Each team played each of the others once.

No matches were drawn. No two matches produced the same result. No team scored more than six goals in a single match, and the total of goals scored was the smallest possible.

The top team in the competition scored the greatest number of goals consistent with the above data. The second team scored the greatest number of goals consistent with the performance of the first team. The third team scored the greatest number of goals consistent with the performances of the first two. And so on.

The Rabbits scored a goal against the Wolves, who failed to score against the Lions. The Mules scored three goals against the Tigers and only one against the Goats. *How many goals were scored in the match between the Tigers and the Lions?*

*TO SOLVERS

1. Please note that the problems in this series are re-numbered. The last of the old Series (Christmas Eve) was in retrospect erroneously described as No. 1 of the New. The first problem to count on the cumulative-point basis is "Big Game," and the second "Alice's Party." Two sets of Low's cartoons are awarded for "Christmas Eve."

2. Will solvers kindly note: (1) In submitting solutions, some indication must be given of the method of solution. This need not be very elaborate.

(2) There is no objection to two solutions in one envelope, but *not on the same sheet of paper, please.* The solutions to each problem are separately filed and my secretary is overworked already.

(3) Several solutions have reached me without name or address. These obviously cannot hope to qualify!

3. *The Playtime Dinner.* I have to thank a number of solvers for their very kind (and flattering) messages. I write this before the dinner, but its success is, I think, assured.

PROBLEM 1.*—BIG GAME

Three Hyenas were shot by Lady Blanche.

The only possible point-basis (*in integers*) is:

Lion	5
Giraffe	4
Gnu	2
Hyena	1.

Some competitors have worked out a point-basis in fractions; but this cannot be accepted where integers are available.

CHRISTMAS EVE

Sets of Low's Cartoons are awarded to:

A. H. Chaplin, 46 Bernard Street, W.C.1, K. P. Jeans, 113 Tottenhall Road, Palmer's Green, N.13.

There were eighty-six correct solutions.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM-SOLVERS

One set of Low's cartoons is awarded weekly to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of the names of senders of all correct solutions submitted. All solvers qualify for book prizes on a cumulative-point basis. For particulars see THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of December 24th.

Solutions to the current problem must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday, January 24th.

TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD

This week, "Trinculo," to my disgust, has failed to show up with a Crossword. He tells me that the additional work now involved in the "Caliban" problems leaves him with insufficient time at his disposal to do justice to his readers or himself. We are considering how best to cope with this regrettable situation.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS.—1. gubernatorial. 13. unload. 14. shrivel. 15. less-ee. 16. immane. 17. lasi (sail). 18. pennants. 22. l(a)m(b)s. 23. nyctalopia. 28. oesophagus. 33. asi(nine). 35. T.N.T. 36. o-pine. 37. ten-on. 39. itacolumite. 43. le(gate) 45. neighbourhood. 48. Edna. 49. clakey (lackey). 50. inn *rev.*

DOWN.—1. guillotine. 2. unlamented. 3. bless. 4. eosin (*anag.*) 5. rasp(berry) 6. ndee (confusion in Eden!). 7. thin. 8. (n)ormal. 9. rim. 10. avi(tal) *rev.* 11. Aen(eid). 12. Hall *rev.* 14. sent (nest). 19. nose. 20. apt *rev.* 21. si. 24. choppy *rev.* 25, 27. chilbl-ain. 29. stain. 30. coo *rev.* 31. Una *rev.* 32. ut (= do). 34. Solon(g). 38. neon. 40. (oa)kum *rev.* 41. inc. 42. thy. 44. Edi(son). 46. Ga(ag). 47. oa(kum).

CALIBAN

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. Fifty-Fifty. Last Mat., Fri.

DRURY LANE. Wild Violets. W. & S.

DUCHESS. Children in Uniform. Wed., Sat.

H'DROME. Dick Whittington. Daily 2.0.

LYRIC. Another Language. W. & S.

QUEEN'S. For Services Rendered. Wed., Sat.

S. MARTIN'S. Strange Orchestra. Tu., F., S.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Last 2 Weeks. Tem. Bar 6404.
Evgs. 8.15. Last Mat., Fri. (Jan. 13), 2.30.
RALPH LYNN in
FIFTY-FIFTY.

COLISEUM. Charing Cross. Tem. Bar 3161.
TWICE DAILY at 2.30 & 8.15.
Sir Oswald Stoll presents Erik Charell's
CASANOVA.
(LAST 3 WEEKS.)

CROYDON REPERTORY. Fairfield 4529.
Jan. 16 for one week at 8 p.m. (Sat. 5 p.m. & 8.15 p.m.).
MUSICAL CHAIRS.
By Ronald Mackenzie.
All seats bookable—1/6 to 3/6. Close to W. Croydon Stn.

DRURY LANE. Evgs. 8.15. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
HASSARD SHORT'S production of
WILD VIOLETS.
A Musical Comedy Operetta. Tem. 7171.

DUCHESS, Aldwych, W.C.2. Tem. Bar 8243 & 4.
Evenings, 8.30. Mats., Wed., & Sat. at 2.30.
CHILDREN IN UNIFORM.
English Adaptation of *MADCHEN IN UNIFORM.*

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. Daily 2 & 7.45.
Julian Wylie's Pantomime,
DICK WHITTINGTON
with FAY COMPTON & LESLIE HENSON.

HOLBORN EMPIRE. 22nd SEASON.
Daily at 2.15.
ITALIA CONTI Production.
"WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS."
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LYRIC. Shaftesbury Av., W.1. Evenings, 8.40.
ANOTHER LANGUAGE.
HERBERT MARSHALL.
Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

QUEEN'S. (Ger. 4517.) Evenings at 8.40.
Wed. & Sat., 2.30. BARRY JACKSON presents
FOR SERVICES RENDERED
by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM.
Cedric Hardwicke, Louise Hampton, C. V. France.

ST. MARTIN'S. Temple Bar 1443 & 1444.
Evgs., 8.30. Matinees, Tues., Fri., Sat., at 2.30.
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WESTMINSTER. (Victoria 0283). Adm. 2/5 to 10/6
Evenings only at 8.30.
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Two plays by James Bridie.
Daily 2.30, Matinees Only.
ALICE AND THOMAS AND JANE.
by Vera Beringer.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY, Oxford St. (Opp. Warings). Ger. 2981.
Premier Presentation, Sunday, January 15th,
Georg Jacoby's drama of German Youth,
KADETTEN.
(Boys In Uniform).

EMPIRE Leic. Sq. Ger. 1234. 10 a.m.—12 p.m.
The Public Demands ANOTHER WEEK!
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(2) Joan Jameson—Paintings.
(3) James Wood—Paintings and Drawings.
LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Sq. 10–6 daily.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION (Fellowship Branch), The Guildhouse, 12, Berwick Street, S.W.1.
Last three free lectures "This War Business."
1933.—Jan. 20th, 7.30 p.m., "Science and War," Major V. Lefebure (Author of "Scientific Disarmament")
Feb. 17th, 7.30 p.m., "Traffic in Arms," Col. David Carnegie, C.B.E., F.R.S.E., J.P.
Mar. 17th, 7.30 p.m., "The Industry of War and its Profits," Miss Dorothy Woodman (Secretary of the Union of Democratic Control).

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, January 15th, at 11 a.m.
CHAPMAN COHEN,
THE MENACE OF MASS OPINION.

MISCELLANEOUS

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STAMPS. Accumulation left by relative (dealer). Started 1890. B. Colonials and foreign only. Huge variety. Unsorted parcels (mixed), 5s., 10s., 20s. I am not a dealer or collector.—PERRIN, 120 Leander Road Thornton Heath, Surrey.

REAL HARRIS HOMESPUNS.—Any length cut. Patterns free on stating shades desired.—JAMES STREET TWEED DEPOT, 104 Stornoway, N.B.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

THE ADVANCE FROM GOLD—INSULAR INVESTMENT YIELDS—BANK SHARES—"COSACH"—LAUTARO NITRATE

IF we can be sure that Sir Frederick Leith-Ross was not trying to be helpful, we can congratulate our Chief Economic Adviser upon the wise platitudes he addressed at Geneva to the commission of experts, who are preparing the agenda of the World Economic Conference. Great Britain, he said, was ready to co-operate with other nations in bringing about an international gold standard, but—. The "buts" were comprehensive. Economic and financial restoration, he said, could only be obtained through progressive measures. Four points were essential—war debts must be settled, exchange restrictions must be swept away, trade barriers must be suppressed, especially by creditor States, commodity prices must be raised. Great Britain was prepared to examine the reforms needed in the actual mechanism of the gold standard but, Sir Frederick added, it was for the countries still on the gold standard to take the initiative. This was surely tantamount to saying that Great Britain would welcome academic discussion of the gold standard but did not contemplate returning to it. Obviously, exchange restrictions cannot be removed or trade barriers suppressed *before* currency stabilisation. After, perhaps. Thirty-six countries are now imposing exchange restrictions. Many more have either raised tariff walls or introduced the quota system for the regulation of imports. Thirty-four countries have officially suspended the gold standard. Twelve, if we include Canada, are virtually "off" or only nominally "on." In this confusion world trade has suffered terribly—the decline in the first half of 1932, as compared with the first half of 1931, being 34 per cent., according to the League of Nations Review.* Yet the decline in the exports of British manufactured goods in the eleven months of 1932 (a longer period of world trade strangulation) was only 6.1 per cent., as compared with the eleven months of 1931. Clearly we should be fools to make the advances back to the gold standard.

* * *

I have no wish to be nationalistic or to decry the necessity of currency stabilisation, but if there is an economic war going on we must defend ourselves. Why should we not have a sterling standard, basing sterling on a composite commodity price index? It is almost certain that in the next twelve months every remaining country will be forced off the gold standard, except the United States and France, who will then, in panic, propose devaluation. What "gold" nation can compete with "sterling" goods? Our "gold" costs of production are even below those of Belgium. As each new country comes off the gold standard, Great Britain will lose some of her competitive advantages, but in the long run she will benefit, for the volume of trade between countries of the "sterling" group will increase. Eventually the expansion of trade within the "sterling" group will bring about a rise in sterling prices (in spite of any deflationary measures in the remaining gold standard countries), and when this point is reached the slump will virtually be ended. Devaluation by America and France will then merely give an accelerated pace to the advance in commodity prices. It will be appreciated how important this currency question has become for all investors. As long as we remain "off" gold, while America, France, Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland remain "on," our security markets will continue to enjoy the benefits of sheltered insularity—gilt-edged stocks will remain dear as compared with those abroad, and industrial shares will remain over-valued as compared with equity shares in Wall Street. But let us not forget that it is only because the world is mad that British industrial ordinary shares yield only 4.33 per cent.

* * *

As each of the five joint stock banks uses wording peculiar to itself in declaring how its net profits are arrived at, it is always difficult to compare one result with another. All show a decline in trading profits for 1932, a year of stagnant trade and falling interest rates. Lloyds and National Provincial cut their dividends. The resources at the banks' disposal were not materially changed except that the average weekly figure for deposits was 3 per cent higher in the case of the Midland. How did they all employ their funds? The Midland and Barclays gave preference to the gilt-edged market, while Lloyds concentrated on the bill market. The Westminster and National Provincial devoted their resources more or less equally to British Government funds and bills, with the emphasis on the gilt-edged market for the Westminster and on bills for the National Provincial. Generally speaking, appreciation enjoyed by the banks on their holdings of British Government securities has not been "cashed in," but will be hidden as a secret reserve in their balance-sheets. The rise in bank shares last year undoubtedly went ahead of earnings' prospects. The present market prices and the dividend yields obtainable thereon are shown in the following table :—

	Int. Dates.	Prices 1932. Low.	High.	Present Price.	Div. Rate.	Yield % (allowing for accrued interest).
Midland, £12 £2 10s. paid	JJ	6½	8¼	8⅛	16%	£4 13 8
" £1 fully paid ...	JJ	62/3	80/6	78/9	16%	£4 2 6
Lloyds A shs. £5, £1 pd....	JJ	41/9	58/3	54/1½	12%	£4 10 3
Barclays B shs. £1 fully pd.	1/FA	47/3	65/6	65/–	14%	£4 7 6
National Provincial £20, £4 paid	JJ	9⅝	14½	12⅛	15%	£4 14 0
National Provincial £5 fully paid	JJ	15¼	20	18	15%	£4 4 10
Westminster £4, £1 paid...	JJ	56/3	80/3	78/–	18%	£4 14 0

Clearly British bank shares have been bought for their investment yield and not for their earnings prospects. For capital appreciation I cannot recommend them. Investment earnings have declined, but overhead expenses hardly at all.

* * *

The disciples of technocracy should preach their gospel to America's super-engineers, the Guggenheim Brothers. Before applying modern technique and rationalisation to the ruin of the Chilean nation it would only have been decent to have introduced first of all a new currency system. The combination of 95 per cent. of the Chilean nitrate oficinas in a single company ("Cosach") pledged to work the Guggenheim process, which meant paying royalties to Guggenheim Brothers and displacing Chilean labour, was one of the most inept and indefensible of all attempts by international finance to exploit a nation's wealth. The organisation of "Cosach" was designed ostensibly to enable Chile to meet the competition of synthetic nitrogen—and incidentally to enable foreign bankers' advances to be repaid and the Guggenheim Brothers to acquire well-secured debentures in place of unsecured loans. It could never have brought real prosperity to Chile, even if there had been no slump in world trade and no synthetic nitrogen competition. At best it would have provided the Chilean Government, which owned half the shares of the company, with dividends in lieu of export taxes, but it would have created at the same time a body of "technological" unemployed for which the Government would have had to make some provision if revolutionary unrest was to be avoided. As we all know, the worst has happened. Bankruptcy has overtaken the Government as well as "Cosach," the bankers, Guggenheims and the bondholders have lost their money, and ruin and revolution have fallen upon the country. The Government has now taken matters into its own hands. "Cosach" is to be liquidated by a Commission of Three, of which the Guggenheim interests will nominate only one, and the banks and bondholders under the dissolution Act are to be prohibited from taking legal action to enforce their "claims." This is sad news for the subscribers of the £2,000,000 7 per cent. prior secured sterling bonds issued in London in 1931 at 96 and now quoted at 22½.

* * *

The tragedy of "Cosach" calls attention to the comedy of the Lautaro Nitrate Company's accounts. Jokes can be carried too far, even by directors who specialise in making fun of their shareholders. Lautaro Nitrate up to 1929 was under British management and enjoyed a good credit in the market. Then control was acquired by the Guggenheim interests. The accounts as at June 30th, 1932, made up in a hypothetical currency (the Chilean gold peso) disclosed a loss of $48.2 millions after so many adjustments that the shareholder could obtain no clear impression of the position except that he had been fooled. Thus, $12 millions of "depletion and royalties" were capitalised, $13½ millions of exchange and other capital profits were credited to revenue, bond interest in arrears of over $10 millions was not debited to revenue and probably insufficient amounts were allowed for depreciation and writing-down of stocks. To crown all, the nitrate reserves are written up from the equivalent of £9 millions to the equivalent of £17.4 millions or 10½d. per metric quintal—the figure taken in the *pro forma* "Cosach" balance sheet in 1931. (A large part of the nitrate reserves were purchased at 4½d. per metric quintal a little over three years ago.) This seems to be a case where the newly formed Shareholders' Protection Society should get busy.

* *Review of World Trade.* League of Nations. (Allen and Unwin. 2s.)

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